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ONCE A WEEK

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WHEN the Prince of Wales visits Chicago, will McAllister of Gotham be on hand to place him? Let us settle this before we go any further.

THE late Duke of Sutherland was twice married. His first wife was very much respected by the queen, who was displeased when the duke took a second wife after a few short months of bereavement. The second wife or duchess has just been sentenced to jail for burning certain letters that were to have figured in a contest over the late duke's will. Her bereaved Grace's physician has decided that she cannot safely go to prison. Justice Jeune, who passed the sentence, does not wish to swallow this pill. It will be interesting to note whether or not the English nobility will side with the duchess or the court.

ABU BAKAR, the sultan of Johore, on the Malay Peninsula, is the last of an old Malay dynasty. He has only one wife, and is a most progressive ruler. He struggles with the cares of State and household on an income of ten million dollars a year. On State occasions he wears diamonds valued at ten million dollars. He has an uphill fight on his hands trying to civilize Johore. He has visited England five or six times, and was decorated there with the Orders of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, and he wears all the decorations worth having in continental Europe besides. Coming to the World's Fair? Well, no; not exactly—that is, not Abu. Diamonds, you know. But Dato Sri Amar d'Raja, Abu's Secretary of State, will be there, accompanied by Mr. Harry W. Lake, a young Englishman who is a mining and general engineer and acts as Commissioner of Public Works for the sultan of Johore, who takes care of the street cleaning and the State business, while Dato Sri and Harry are representing Johore at Chicago.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES.

THAT is to say, the Great Lakes. It is true Canada carries a handful of freight and one or two passengers on her own side of the great inland and unsalted seas; but from Duluth above and Chicago of the prairies, to Buffalo out here, the Great Lakes are for the use and benefit of the people of these States. Some time this Summer palatial passenger steamers will do the one thousand miles between Buffalo and Duluth in fifty hours; possibly, also, there may be a line of fast passenger boats between Buffalo and the World's Fair.

The shipping of the Great Lakes is now more than one million tons. Shipyards are springing up at many points along the route, and great cities between Duluth and Buffalo will doubtless be conspicuous in the next census. Cleveland is about to take its place very near the metropolis of Ohio. Milwaukee is making rapid strides. Detroit, Port Huron, the Saginaws and Bay City are firmly established in the list of the future great cities of the Wolverine State, in whose almost continuous line of lake coast Nature itself has written the prophecy of future commercial and industrial pre-eminence in the Sisterhood.

With a passageway through the "Soo" and the St. Clair River "flats" for vessels of ocean-liner tonnage, the ocean giants, *New York, Majestic and Umbria*, may be duplicated on the Lakes. The next move will be to get an outlet to New York by means of an enlarged Erie Canal and the Hudson River. An American merchant marine on the high seas would then mean a monopoly of the American carrying trade, both import and export, by American-built ships owned by American companies; it would insure the saving of the present cost of transshipment of cargoes from the grain-growing and provision-producing interior destined for foreign countries. Money saved in this way would be not only an addition to the wealth of the country, but a powerful advantage in our struggle for commercial supremacy among the nations. It may be that the much-talked-of building up of an American merchant marine on the high seas will have to begin with the establishment of a through line of steamers between Duluth and Chicago and foreign ports. Congressman BOURKE COCKRAN of New York ably discusses the question, whether it is not advisable to get cheap ships to enable us to compete for a share of the world's carrying trade. The question is usually looked upon as a question between this country's limited facilities for shipbuilding and other nations' progress and established business. Looking at the question from the view-point of our Great Lakes' possibilities and the apparent feasibility of making them a continuous part of the high seas, we should say the question is all among ourselves. Shall we go to work on what we have? If the sturdy Dutch could shut out the angry whelmings of Father Neptune from the Netherlands with their Ship Canal, why can we not take him on a friendly visit to Jackson Park, a year or so after the Fair is over, to see what Chicago looks like when her landlords are purse-proud and very tired?

WHAT ABOUT MONEY?

IT has been said, Coming events cast their shadows before. Recent and current events, on the other hand, cast their light not only forward, but backward also. Let us, therefore, take a look at one of these.

We had an international monetary conference at Brussels some time ago, with the result that we were told to formulate our demands on the question of silver coinage and the establishment of an international ratio between gold and silver. We have not yet done so. Here at home Wall Street and the Rocky Mountains are so far apart on the question of this formula that neither of them trusts the other; while the mortgagees of the Central agricultural region are making faces at their Eastern and local mortgagees. The latter, however, continue to draw their interest and tighten their purse-strings—and denounce free silver.

This tangle, at home and abroad, will best be unraveled by insisting that, while we do not wish to repudiate just obligations, or to dictate to European and Wall Street financiers, neither will we submit to the placing of the monetary system of this country under the control for binding and loosing of foreign or domestic financial magnates. ONCE A WEEK insists that this is the lesson to be learned from the recent monetary conference and the discussion it has provoked in Europe: We are growing and developing, and using our money; Europe has grown, and is hoarding whatever money she is not investing in great military armaments on land and sea. Europe and the American Union cannot compromise this wide separation of interests. We must deal with each other. Right is right—we must have it on the monetary question. Is gold money the true standard of value? Absolutely, no. There is no difference of opinion on this point. The hardest moneyed advocate in Vienna or Wall Street will admit that, if practicable, an international legal tender is the true standard of value, by which all values must be measured. This international legal tender, made so by international compact, will be absolutely unvarying, an ideal unit.

But is such international legal tender practicable? Perhaps not, at present. The nearest to it, you will say, is gold. Suppose we grant that. What, then? Silver was money, until yesterday. Laws making it no longer money, but a commodity merely, will be unjust, and more, too. They will be the very worst kind of *ex post facto* laws, and laws directly attacking the inviolability of contracts. This point has been argued in these columns before, and the argument is doubtless familiar to the average reader.

But Europe and Wall Street demand such legislation. Our silver dollar, they demand, must be knocked down to the lowest bidder at less than sixty-four cents. Such a law will reach backward into the pockets of every man and woman who took these dollars on the understanding that they were equal to one hundred cents. The United States does not allow laws to be passed in this country that will reach backward even to catch a criminal!

What shall we do, then? If Europe and Wall Street insist on this demand, we must look to and keep down our imports. The fullest commercial confidence must be established and maintained in all parts of this country. Money is a medium of exchange as well as an implement of dictation. Keep our balances on the right side, and Europe may keep her gold, if she can, against our Bills of Foreign Exchange.

A few years of this policy will bring Europe to the courtesy of fixing an international ratio between gold and silver that will be equitable to this country and not unjust to Europe. If it does not, it will be in order to take no silver from abroad at all.

THE CASE OF BELGIUM.

UNDER date of December 8, 1891, ONCE A WEEK, speaking of the people of Belgium, contained this editorial statement and prophecy: "The people of Belgium are demanding universal suffrage. As they are a progressive, intelligent and enlightened people, ruled by King LEOPOLD, who is one of the dearest of monarchs, they ought to, and perhaps will, get that precious but dangerous implement of self-government."

The rule is a safe one, that any people that demands manhood suffrage is fit for it. But the suffrage is a citizen's right only. It is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the ignorant, the hot-headed, and the unassimilated elements of the population. And yet, it is clear that if the majority rules, it will be sufficient for purposes of self-government if a safe majority are free from these and other objectionable traits.

Viewed in this light the action of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives is somewhat too conservative. The dispatches from Brussels state that universal manhood suffrage has been tempered by the addition of plural suffrage in the case of property owners; that is, as we understand it, while a property test for suffrage has not been added to the measure, the ownership of property is made the basis for plural votes.

But we must not view these Belgian precautions too narrowly or too strictly. That enlightened little country is on the right track. Full justice never comes at once except, and that very rarely, through revolution, in which case it is too often mixed with injustices and licenses that cool and deliberate action afterward finds it necessary to undo. The processes of peace are gradual. The epoch of revolutions in the North Temperate Zone is probably passed. Belgium has done well. We have several very important suffrage problems to solve ourselves. We might study the case of Belgium with profit.

BOND OR CREDIT—WHICH?

WALL STREET bankers are importuning Secretary CARLISLE to issue bonds to them and they will give the Treasury gold enough to maintain the gold reserve. The Secretary offers to take gold and pay for it in paper currency; and he will not issue bonds unless compelled to do so. The President is said to lean toward the bond scheme.

San Francisco, Chicago and St. Louis bankers, and other bankers in the Central and Western States, have offered to supply gold in exchange for paper currency. There has been no organized effort, as yet, on the part of the Treasury to get gold in this way; the offerings so far have been quite spontaneous and made in the due course of business.

It does not appear that the United States Treasury is in any danger of seriously cutting into its one hundred million dollar gold reserve. If it should do so—why, we must remember that one hundred million dollars is an enormous sum of money, and that it is capable of parting with several large slices without missing them. It represents one-fortieth of all the gold coin in the world. But funniest and "queerest" of all, not a cent of this sum is supposed to be used. We like to look at it in the glass case of the Treasury vault!—as it were. Oh! we horrid, horrid misers, we must not do that. Let us rather jingle it in the pocket, flip it for the cigars, buy presents with it for the little ones—anything but keep it doing nothing in this land of golden endeavor and tightly closed corporations.

If we lay violent and begrimed hands upon this sacred deposit—what shall we do to "hold up" the

credit of the country? Let us see—iron pillars are good for holding up. But the credit has not asked Wall Street, much less Europe, to hold it up, as yet. The American Miss Credit does not faint that easy.

Bonds issued to preserve the gold reserve would be a confession of weakness, a signal of distress—what, this country financially distressed this year? Are we bringing the nations of the earth here to visit us so we can go through their vest pockets for that ten cents in gold that "holds up" the business of the world?

Not at all. One of the principal exhibits we propose making at the World's Fair is, How to maintain the commercial credit of a country without unfurling a flag of distress. Bonds make a cross, peevish wet-nurse for credit. Popular faith, cool heads, careful handling, and no squeezing will pull us through this year, until we thresh our wheat. Let Secretary CARLISLE and President CLEVELAND stand firm.

"FIN DE SIECLE."

THE expression or proverbial saying which gives the title to this article is one which of late years has been in everybody's mouth, and at the point of everybody's pen. It is one of those enunciations which crystallize a whole world's wit or wisdom, and are the epitome at once of history and prophecy. The French language, which is curiously ingenious as well as affluent and fertile in this species of concentrated suggestiveness, perhaps never effected a more comprehensive and happy hit than in the instance under consideration.

It is worth while to reflect on these brief and explosive forms of speech, as analysis of them will lead up to causes and effects as extraordinary as they are unexpected. And such is peculiarly the case with regard to the one we have in hand. Whence or why they originate is not always to be discovered. They spring suddenly into being, are at once adopted, and become current, with few or many applications, as the case may be. "*Fin de Siècle*" is, as it happens, specially rich as to this, and is used in a thousand ways—but invariably with a meaning of eccentricity and unusualness attached which gives it individual distinction. In itself, nothing could seem more harmless or even more meaningless, and it is precisely this apparent lack of reason for existence that it is designed now to investigate.

What is there in the "end of the century" that should give rise to a special term to express it?

If, in response to this question, it can be demonstrated that the closing years of the century have been, in the past, the period when the gravest events in history have occurred, when the greatest and wisest men have been born—or their lives have culminated in glory and perfection: surely, we will have gone far toward the solution of the problem.

This is precisely the intention of the present undertaking. And as one has always in such an effort to first silence those prudential materialists who invariably insist that anything out of the common cannot possibly happen, a brief summary of easily recognized instances may properly be first given for their benefit. Otherwise statements with regard to the exceptional conditions of the close of a century will at once be met by the assertion that these are only apparent, and that investigation would show that all parts of a century are alike as to their product.

To begin with, here are the historical events which more than all others have affected human life and progress:

1. The Birth of Christ. (This period is given by the highest authorities as four years before the accepted beginning of the Christian Era, and consequently at the close of the preceding century.)
2. Downfall of Paganism, under Theodosius.....392
3. Empire of the West founded by Charlemagne.....800
4. First Crusade, of Peter the Hermit.....1095
5. Perfection of the Art of Printing.....1457-1500
6. Discovery of America.....1492
7. Revolution in England.....1688
8. First application of Steam Power.....1699
9. Revolution of the American Colonies.....1776
10. Revolution in France.....1789
11. Napoleonic Wars.....1795-1800

However individuals may differ as to the relative importance of other events, none can deny that these here mentioned were the most far-reaching and influential in their results of any recorded in history. Now, as to the periods of birth and culmination of the world's greatest men, we have, as preponderating in every instance over their fellows, the following:

| | | | |
|----------------------|------|----------------------------|------|
| Mahomet..... | 570 | Oliver Cromwell..... | 1599 |
| Dante..... | 1265 | Charles I..... | 1600 |
| Michael Angelo..... | 1475 | Rousseau..... | 1670 |
| Titian..... | 1480 | Peter the Great..... | 1672 |
| Raphael..... | 1483 | Alexander Pope..... | 1688 |
| Martin Luther..... | 1483 | Voltaire..... | 1694 |
| Hernando Cortez..... | 1485 | Wordsworth..... | 1770 |
| Cranmer..... | 1489 | Scott..... | 1771 |
| Ignatius Loyola..... | 1491 | Washington Irving..... | 1783 |
| Henry VIII..... | 1491 | Lord Palmerston..... | 1784 |
| Francis I..... | 1494 | Byron..... | 1788 |
| Melanchthon..... | 1497 | James Fenimore Cooper..... | 1799 |
| Charles V..... | 1500 | Shelley..... | 1792 |
| Lord Bacon..... | 1561 | Pius IX..... | 1792 |
| Shakespeare..... | 1564 | Keats..... | 1795 |

Of course this list might be extended, but it is enough. Out of thirty of the world's greatest minds, all but eight were born in the last quarter of the century, and these eight within the last thirty years. The greatest monarchs, reformers, explorers, authors and artists—all "*fin de siècle*;" just as has been shown to be the case with the greatest events.

This superficial presentment serving as a reply to the thoughtless cavilers one has always to encounter in making statements contrary to customary belief or knowledge, it will be found not uninteresting to run through the nineteen Christian centuries for further illustration of the subject. And here it is suggestive to call attention to the fact that men have always been in the habit of dividing time into periods by events. Besides the geological divisions, we have the paleolithic, neolithic, bronze and iron "ages"; the "Christian Era," the "Dark Age," Middle

Age, Renaissance, Golden Age, Augustan Age, Elizabethan Age and Victorian Age. Now, if "ages" and "eras"—why not "centuries?" and so—"Fin de Siècle."

At the close of the first century (98 A.D.) Rome reached, under Trajan, the height of its greatness; and St. John the Evangelist, who had been preaching in those days, and writing his Epistles, was exiled to Patmos, wrote his "Revelations" and died. The close of the second century saw the Romans defeated by the Saracens, the Imperial city devastated by fire, and the Capitol destroyed by lightning (189 A.D.). At the close of the third century (294) the previously victorious Persians were despoiled of Armenia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, and other countries in southwestern Asia; but at the end of the fourth century, Theodosius the Great became sole Emperor of the East and the West, and the downfall of Paganism was completed (379-393 A.D.), Theodosius being a Christian.

Between A.D. 476 and 500, the close of the fifth century, the power of the Roman Empire was at an end; the foundation of the French Kingdom was laid by Clovis, and that of Italy by Odoacer, their first kings. The Papal "Supremacy" was first asserted 492; and the Babylonian Talmud was first revised and published 498. The end of the sixth century saw the birth of Mahomet (570 A.D.); the introduction of Christianity into Britain by St. Augustine (598), and the ravaging of Italy by the Slavonians (600). The last years of the seventh century (698) witnessed two tremendous events—the fall of Carthage and the extermination of Christianity in Africa by the Moslems. The years 779-794 of the eighth century were those of the conquests of Charlemagne, closing with his foundation of the new Empire of the West and his coronation as king of Italy, Germany and France (A.D. 800). The ninth century closed (A.D. 899-900) with the foundation of the kingdom of Hungary, the Danish invasion of England, and the organization of the English governmental system by Alfred the Great.

The end of the tenth century—the year 1000—was universally predicted as that of the end of the world; and Western civilization stood still with affright at this period of the "Dark Age," but nothing happened. The close of the next century, however—the eleventh—was fruitful of events. In A.D. 1081 Jerusalem was captured by the Turks; and fifteen years later Peter the Hermit, with Tancred and Godfrey of Bouillon, followed by six hundred thousand warriors and one hundred thousand cavalry, entered upon the first Crusade, invaded the Eastern Empire and recaptured the Holy City. Now, too, began the downfall of the Saracens in Spain, and William the Conqueror died while invading France (A.D. 1087). The second and third Crusades (1189-1200) closed the twelfth century, with the death of both Saladin and Richard Cœur de Lion; and the year 1200 saw Papal Rome, under Innocent III., once more "Mistress of the World."

At the end of the thirteenth century Genoa reached the height of her commercial supremacy (1292); the Inquisition became permanently established; the invasion and subjugation of Eastern Europe by the Mongols took place; the "Massacre of the Sicilian Vespers" occurred (1282); Bruce and Wallace rebelled against the English (1297-99); and the Ottoman Empire was founded (1299). The latter part of the fourteenth century was notable for the victorious invasion of Persia, Russia and India by Tamerlane and his swarm of Tartars (1384-99), and for the first English translation of the Bible, by Wickliffe (138). The great event of the fifteenth century was, of course, the discovery of America (1492) by Christopher Columbus, which was followed by the voyages of the Cabots, Vesputius and Vasco de Gama (1497-99). This period witnessed also the spread of the art of printing, first practiced at Mayence (1457) by Gutenberg and Fust; the death of Richard III. on the field of Bosworth (1485); and the birth of the two greatest painters (Raphael and Michael Angelo) that the world ever knew. The close of the sixteenth century was prolific in historic events of the most picturesque character. The "Massacre of St. Bartholomew" took place in 1572; Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded (1587); the Spanish Armada was destroyed (1588); the Republic of Holland was founded (1579); Henry IV. of France issued the celebrated "Edict of Nantes" (1598); and, finally, it was the age of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Bacon, Shakespeare, Spenser, Tasso, Kepler and Tycho Brahe. While, as though to give it special glory and significance, the marvelous "new star" was discovered by the astronomer, Tycho Brahe (1572), in the Constellation Cassiopea, at once an object of marvel and of fear to all who witnessed its dazzling splendor. "It was greater and brighter in appearance than the planet Venus, and could be seen with the naked eye at noon-day."

The seventeenth century was notable for the Revolution of 1688, which placed William and Mary on the throne of England. In 1785 Louis XIV. revoked the "Edict of Nantes"; the terrible persecution and flight of the Huguenots followed; and England and America were colonized by hundreds of thousands of the ablest artisans in the world. In 1683 John Sobieski, king of Poland, conquered the Turks, and saved Vienna and Germany. In 1692 the Mogul power in India reached its height, while that of the Ottomans in Europe was utterly broken. Between 1672 and 1701 were born Peter the Great, Charles XII. of Sweden, Leonardo da Vinci, and Voltaire; and in those same years occurred the great victories of Marlborough.

The eighteenth century, in its last quarter, was a period of war and blood, while the world's stage was occupied by the most colossal instances of human force ever congregated in such numbers at one time. The American Revolution and the birth of the United States were illuminated by the deeds of such statesmen as Washington, Franklin, Samuel Adams, Jefferson, and Robert Morris—a host of brave patriots in rebellion, such as the world had never seen, conquering the veterans of the English armies in the open field; and generals whose names are now "household words" in the homes of sixty-five million freemen: Washington, Lee, Greene, Stark, Lafayette, Sumter, Marion, and a hundred others. Five years after the declaration of peace between England and the new United States came the French Revolution of 1789; the "Reign of Terror"; the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; and then, the great Napoleon—and chaos.

The last five years of the eighteenth century saw the swift rush of the new Caesar toward the Imperial Crown and the control of all Europe.—What else happened? The century closed with the union of England and Ireland (1800)—a political act whose influence is being experienced to-day in mysterious ways, not by England alone, but by America, perhaps as seriously. One other event, not without importance, since but two such have happened within the memory of the human race, is worth chronicling here. It was the discovery by Sir William Herschel (1781) of the planet Uranus. The last quarter of the eighteenth century was curiously remarkable for the death of eminent men. Witness Washington, Frederick the Great, Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith and David Garrick.

Surely it would seem that the contention of this paper has been fairly proven; that it has been demonstrated that no other portion of any of the nineteen Christian centuries can show such important events as their closing years. For it is to be remembered that while not all the

memorable events of history have been here recapitulated, many of which took place in the beginning or middle part of centuries, no others so great, so influential and potentially have ever happened at any other period.

All the great changes in religious belief; all the great conquests; the greatest of all discoveries; the birth of the greatest men in every walk of life; the culmination of all great careers—all of these, without exception, have been "*fin de siècle*."

But how is it with our own century? What testimony to all this is brought by the nineteenth, since all the other eighteen point in but one direction?

The nineteenth century, in its last quarter, is remarkable beyond all those that have preceded it for the following conditions:—It ranks the highest in invention for man's comfort, luxury and material well-being. Witness electric lighting, transportation and communication, swift-sailing steel ships, cable railroads, the telephone, the phonograph, the elevated railroad. It ranks the highest in the construction of arms and projectiles and of instruments of precision. It would appear to have reached the dizzyest possible height of success in the application of power to machinery, and of the art of combination for the purpose of conducting vast financial operations. Further than this: politically and socially there have been at no other period of history such restlessness, such universal struggle, such division. Take the tremendous warfare between Capital and Labor; the fight of the Christian against the Jew; the struggle for and against Home Rule in Ireland; the plotting of anarchists, nihilists and dynamitards. Are not these facts of tremendous import, and are they not peculiar to the nineteenth century, and to the close of it? Again, take the period in its literary aspects! It is the era of frivolity and persiflage in books, on the stage, and in its newspaper press. In this regard—and this is also true of social and political conditions—it is "*fin de siècle*."

Of really great men now living, of the standard heretofore given, it would puzzle any one to name more than three—Louis Kossuth, Bismarck and Gladstone. Of eminent men who have died in the last quarter of the century so far, should be enumerated: Gambetta, Carlyle, Thiers, Renan, Emerson, Lowell, Tennyson, Von Moltke, General Grant, Bryant, Whittier, Blaine, with eight years yet to be heard from. This brief summary of our own immediate period may seem unsatisfactory; certainly it lacks the perspective afforded by time. But, more than all the rest, it answers to the strange, cynical, descriptive phrase—"fin de siècle."

The encyclopedia says that "*fin de siècle*" is "a phrase that became popular in Paris, in 1889, and since then has made its way into the vocabulary of all other countries, as a jesting way of qualifying anything novel, surprising or piquant. Freaks of fashion, striking events, ingenious inventions, daring deeds, shocking scandals and political surprises are all characterized as '*fin de siècle*.' has actually come, and the Twentieth Century makes the expression inappropriate." It would seem that this phrase, which is credited to 1889, might better have originated amid the wild orgies and frenzy of a century ago, when Paris went mad and silly at one and the same time. When the insouciant Directorate costume and the insane antics of the Incroyables rendered it essential to coin something new in the language to describe them, since no such word or words existed either in France or anywhere else.

If there be any moral to this history and argument, it is that the next eight years will very well bear watching.

FRANK H. NORTON.

ON SHIP AND SHORE.

THE great April Columbian demonstration in New York, which we illustrate freely, has passed into history, and will be remembered as a marvelous pageant. To the customary land attractions of a procession and a ball were added the assemblage and review of the largest and finest fleet of war vessels that has been brought together, certainly in years, perhaps ever. Those vast iron and steel-clad monsters, representing the power upon the sea of all the great civilized countries of Europe and America, were, in themselves, worth a long journey to see. The fifteen armored cruisers of the United States navy—all but one steel-clad—compared favorably with the warships of our foreign guests; though some of these—notably the mammoth *Blake*, of the Royal Navy—far exceeded them in tonnage. Then came the ball at Madison Square Garden, at which the very elect of New York society mingled with the *sauvage azul* of Spain, and the choice of the upper world of a dozen capitals, European and American. New York is famous for this kind of festivity, but it is doubtful if any similar function has awakened so much public interest, and sustained this so completely, since the grand ball given in honor of the Prince of Wales thirty years since. Then came the great procession through the principal streets of New York, and the usual mass of delighted sight-seers; and presto! the scene changed—with new glory and new significance—to Chicago.

AN acre of a farm on Chautauqua Lake, with cattle grazing on it, was broken off by a tornado lately and floated away. It lodged finally against a part of the shore of Burtis Bay belonging to a Mr. Gifford. Whose property had it become by this freak of nature? Gifford sold whatever right he had to it for five dollars. Then some real estate men bought whatever right the original owner might have in the dislodged property. Other parties stepped in and applied for a deed from the State, claiming that the land no longer belonged to the original owner. And now, to still further complicate matters, the island has floated from Mr. Gifford's farm to the farm of a Mr. Bentley, where it is at present moored.

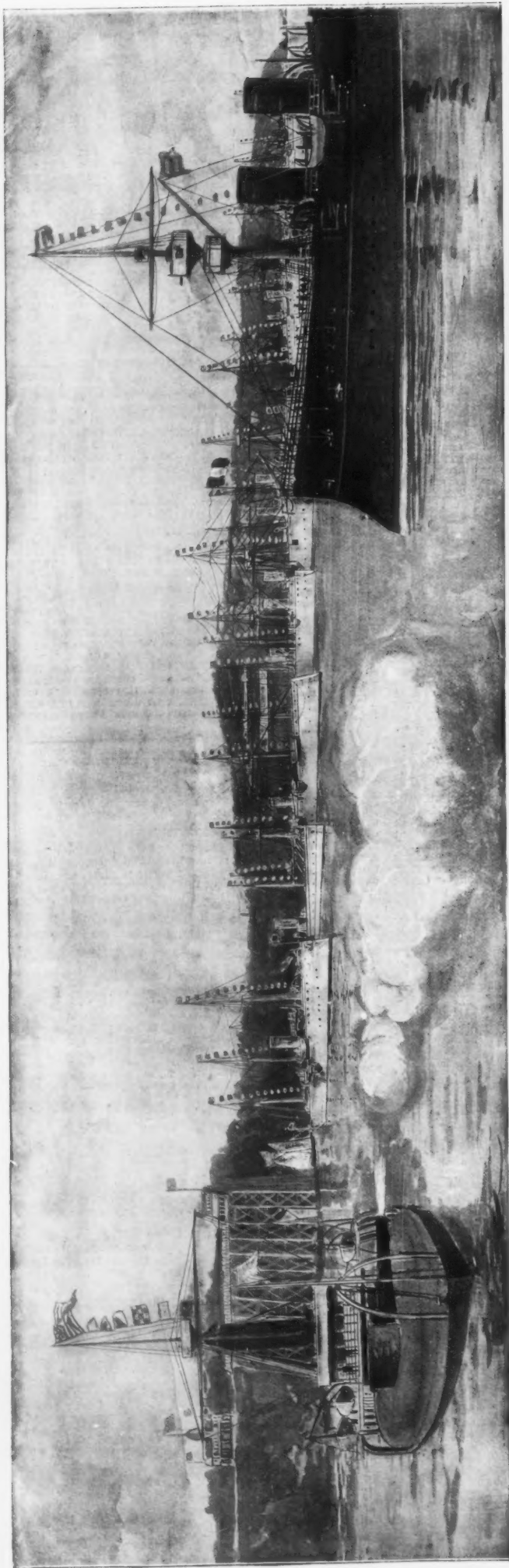
A NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

To any reader of ONCE A WEEK who sends us, before May 20, 1893, the complete list of words made out of one other word of any number of syllables, as in the example printed below, we will give a special complete edition of Thackeray, comprising eight volumes, printed on extra fine heavy paper, bound in best English cloth, gilt side and back, and in large clear type.

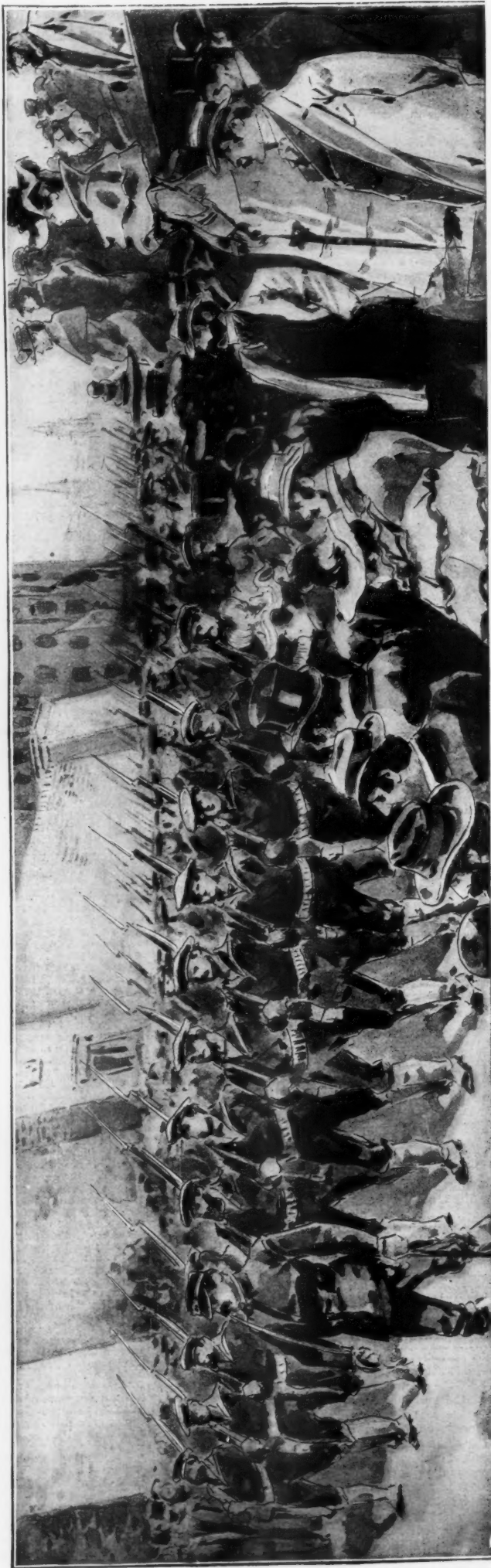
The terms of competition are simple. Every reader desiring to try for the prize will only have to cut this notice from any number of ONCE A WEEK and paste it on his letter inclosing the word he has selected with its group of words formed therefrom.

To illustrate clearly the meaning of this competition we will take the word "amusing" as an example. From this word you have at once "am" and "musing." Then you have a, an, al, as, aim, Angus, animus, agnus, gan, gas, gin, gun, gamin, Gus, gain, gum, I, is, in, Ina, Isa, ignus, man, main, mug, muns, musa, manus, mina, maun, Numa, nag, sin, sing, sang, sung, sain, Sam, Siam, sun, sign, snag, snug, sag, us, using, Una, uns, and probably others. Thus we have already made fifty words out of the simple word "amusing."

We invite every reader to try the interesting experiment. There is much amusement, as well as instruction, to be gained, and there is the added stimulus of a valuable prize.



VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPS TAKING PART IN THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATIONS.

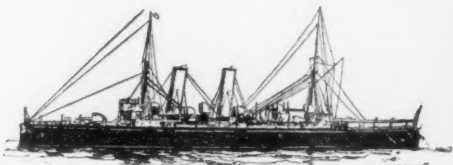


PARADE OF MARINES DOWN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

THE NAVAL REVIEW.



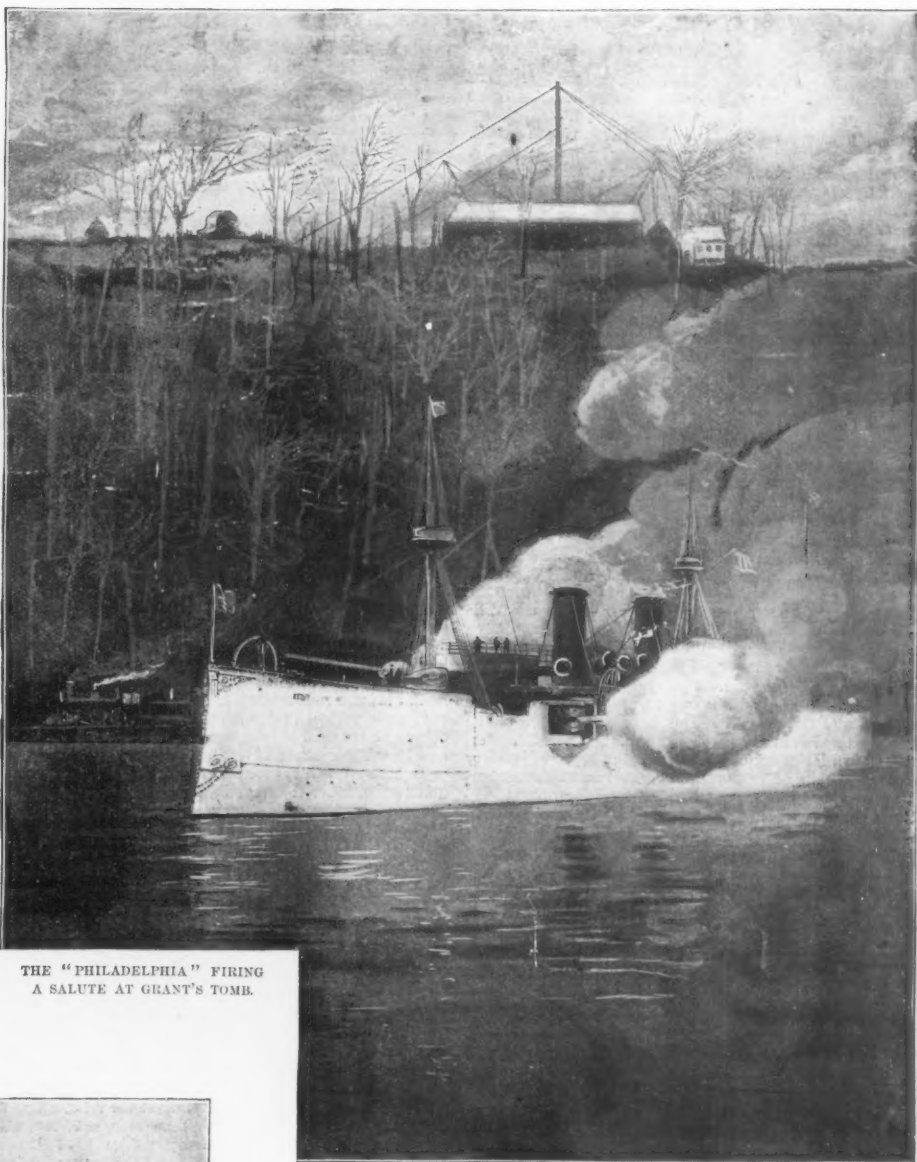
DUKE DE VERAGUA.



BRITISH ARMORED CRUISER "BLAKE."



BRITISH CRUISER "MAGGIENNE."



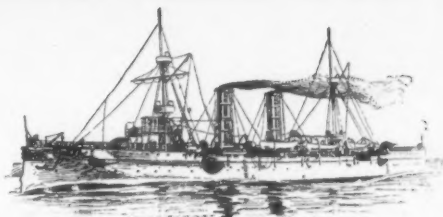
THE "PHILADELPHIA" FIRING A SALUTE AT GRANT'S TOMB.



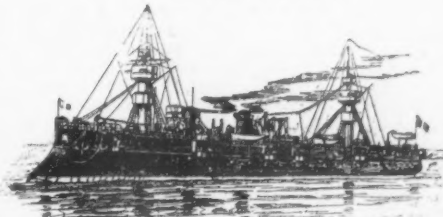
THE COLUMBUS CARAVELS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE arrival of Columbus XIII., or, as he is better known, the Duke of Veragua, with his wife, son, daughter, nephew and suite, took place on Saturday, April 15th, in the midst of rain and wind, and with the reception committee unprepared with suitable carriages to convey the distinguished party to their state rooms in the magnificent new Hotel Waldorf. The duke was surprised and gratified by the ceremonious and enthusiastic welcome with which he was met. He was addressed in Spanish, first, by Commander Dickins of our navy; in French, of the pattern during the time of old King Pepin, by General Horace Porter; in English, by our good Mayor Gilroy, and in fine flowing Spanish verse by Mr. Arturo Cuyas. We give his portrait, from a photograph taken in Spain, to enable our readers to judge what sort of a looking man this descendant of the great Columbus is.

AMONG the oddities of the day down in Hampton Roads was the appearance of an old oyster schooner, loaded with negroes, under tow of a tug. The darkies were out to see the naval display, and as the wind and sea were both heavy, a more wretched lot of sight-seers never was beheld. The picture illustrates the view of the schooner with a lot of pine boards nailed around it as guards or fences.



THE CRUISER "NUEVE DE JULIO."



FRENCH CRUISER "JEAN BART."



SALTUSIAN CRUSTS

Is the Upper Crust one of the minor preoccupations of the moment concerns Chicago and her Fair. The other day a lady of recognized authority had a number of pretty things to say on the subject, and said them, too, in public. Earnest was her advice to go, to admire and to enjoy. According to her account, no city in the world is as fabulous in its beauty. Far be it from the writer to contradict a lady. Chicago is beautiful, no doubt; but its beauty is not of that kind which gains on acquaintance. It is distance which lends enchantment to the view—distance, the art of the engraver and the puffs in the magazines. There are people to whom Eighth Avenue is a pleasure-ground, and to them Wabash and its adjacent thoroughfares may prove well-springs of delight. But the uniqueness of their beauty are most appreciated from a balloon—one that floats swiftly and altitudinously away.

As a site for a World's Fair, however, Chicago is simply unequalled. No other city could provide such an assortment of temperatures. At the Paris Exposition certain exhibitors from Northern climes melted away and were seen no more; others, from warmer zones, squeezed the top of their heads off. But in Chicago Lap and Zulu will feel at home—at different hours of the day, it is true; but those hours are not far interspaced, and, besides, they possess all the charm which attaches to the unexpected. One moment the Lap will fancy that his native reindeer, lichen, snowshoes and sledges are within beck and call; the next, the gentlemen from South Africa will dream of the leopard bounding through the "bush," and of the maize ripening on the sun-smitten kraal. There will be storms and tornadoes which will make the heart of the Malagasy rejoice; there will be siroccos for the Saharans, and samples, too, of that nice moist heat which is dear to the denizens of Singapore.

In addition, there will be conflagrations. Chicago has seen one, and forgotten it. But in the flimsiness of the structures which are now going up, and, for that matter, going down, let fire once have a word to say, and history in her good old un-Shakespearean fashion will repeat herself. Apropos to which a quaint little tale is told. A gentleman possessed of a large estate, of a spacious mansion, and also of a bad reputation, bethought him one day of the damage which fire could work. He wandered through his tapestried halls, through the teak-wood galleries, in and out of the splendors of drawing and of with-drawing-rooms, and as he strolled he cogitated. Presently, that day, or the day after, orders were given and a hundred dozen hand-grenades were delivered to the major-domo with instructions to string them at narrow intervals all over the house. As it was ordered, so it was done. From cellar to garret, from basement to mansard, everywhere, hand-grenades were strung. Not a nook nor a cranny was left unprovided, and yet, though the house was spacious, so large had been the order that there still remained a number of hand-grenades for which the major-domo could find no place.

"What shall I do with them?" he asked.

Ah, yes, what? The gentleman lost himself in that query, and as he pondered, unconsciously, perhaps, the pest returned. He reviewed the negligent years, his own misdeeds, and, awaking from some such vision as may have come to Faust, sepulchrally he replied:

"Put them in my coffin."

If the Chicagoese will string hand-grenades along the walls of their Exposition they might advantageously purchase more than are momentarily required.

Some time ago, last year or the year before, there was a certain amount of newspaper gossip concerning a syndicated project to start another Monaco just over the Mexican border of California. Before Blanc took it in hand Monaco was an arid waste, domed, it is true, by a perfect sky and fronted by a lovely sea; but a waste all the same. Now it is a paradise in duo-decimo, or would be were it not for the riff-raff of all nations who make it their hunting-ground. The site which the projectors of the enterprise alluded to selected looks, on the map, as though it might not be dissimilar. At the time being the scheme fell through, but the other day it was rumored to be on its feet again, and presently you may expect to hear a lot of twaddle on the evils of gambling. That gambling is an evil no one in his senses will attempt to deny; but one does not need to be a scholiast to prove that out of darkness issues light. In a few years Blanc's lease will expire, the riff-raff will depart, and they will leave behind a fairyland which without them never would have been. It is the same thing with Enns, with Baden-Baden, with Homburg. These are the gardens of Germany. They have been created out of the pockets of gamblers. Now, the gambler exists, precisely as the drunkard does. Gambling is a disease, one which pathologists clearly recognize, one for which the only gold-cure is bankruptcy. When the law wisely prevents the gambler from bucking the tiger, there is always some horse-race or other on which he can lose his coin. These propositions admitted, why not let the gamblers have some remote corner of the globe? In course of time the money which otherwise would go to the bookmakers, and be spent by them in rum and dissipation, would serve to embellish the land, and behold! out of evil—good. Nature is very kind, but we encounter her so often in *deshabille* that possible adornments should not be lightly thrust aside. Then, too, gambling is a vice which rarely batters on any but the empty-headed. Of all forms of amusement it is the least attractive. In the history of Monaco there is but one man who succeeded in being sensible at it. He happened to be rich, and a Russian. He used to go to sleep while playing the maximum stakes—six thousand dollars

a turn. If he lost, he dozed off again; if he won, it was to charity the winnings went.

In the matter of Carlyle Harris it is no longer a question of guilt or innocence, but rather whether the evidence was sufficient to convict. Circumstantially it was not in his favor, but, as a wise man once said, there is nothing as fallacious as facts except figures. And that facts, and figures, too, may be overwhelming and the accused yet be but the victim of them is a thing admitted by all of decorous sense. Not so very long ago a man was tried for murder. The evidence was circumstantial, but not a link was missing. The motive was shown, the threat, the opportunity, everything, in short, even to the stains of blood on the clothes of the accused, and the weapon, found in his possession, with which the deed was proved to have been done. In addition, the entire sentiment of the community was against him. If ever a felon seemed destined to pay the penalty of his misdeeds it was the one at that dock. After the judge's charge the jury withdrew. On the first ballot they stood eleven to convict, one to acquit. In the course of the night the jurymen who had voted to acquit brought the others round to his way of thinking. What flaws he had detected in the evidence, what arguments he used, are not a part of history; suffice it to say a verdict of not guilty was given, and ten years later the jurymen who had stood out against the others confessed, on his deathbed, that the murderer was himself. It is instances of this sort that should make you a little slow to condemn.

It is pleasant to note that we are entertaining the nobility again. Yet when you meet the gentleman who is the descendant of Christopher Columbus don't fancy that because he is a duke it is necessary to call him Your Grace, unless you speak to him in Spanish, when, of course, you will have to. For, curiously enough, the second person plural in Spanish is a contraction of two words, *Vuestra Merced*, which mean Your Grace, and every one, highwaymen, dukes, beggars and Americans, are so addressed. But in English call him Duke, plain Duke, until he knows you well enough to drop your plain Mr., when you, with perfect propriety, may drop his title too. The other form is used only by servants, second-rate novelists and New York officials.

In heraldry, Christopher Columbus makes a very good quartering, indeed; but as the founder of a ducal house he is not, in Spanish eyes, very remote. Of European nobility theirs is the oldest. The Duke of Ossuna, for instance, claims direct descent from Geryon, who, as every student of Lempriere knows, tended the flocks of Helios—the Sun. And there is another quasi-royal house the roots of whose family tree extend through Andalusia, under the Mediterranean, and into Carthage and the dawn of Time.

The Caravels are coming, hoho! hoho! And with them aromas and memories of that delightful land which the majority of us shall never see. Yet, the journey thither is not difficult and may be made in different ways. The pleasantest, perhaps, is by means of that enchanted rug, the imagination. A history aiding, one or two books of travel, and nothing is easier than to explore the entire land without so much as leaving your armchair. The traveler closes his eyes, and presto! the Alhambra, the Alcazar, Cordova, that ship of stone which is called Cadiz, surge in melting beauty before him. On the wings of fancy he can float from Carthage to Tyre. He can see the Phoenicians looting in their purple galleys; he can hear the tramp of Roman soldiery; he can watch the inundation of the Vandals, the conquest of the Goths, the glitter of Mussulman scimitar, and if his ear be properly attuned, he can catch the tinkle of the Moorish guitar. The ages will unveil their secrets, the cities their crimes and their charms, and all this without being forced to ask a deaf man suffering from a cold at what time the train starts. This is, perhaps, the best plan, though another and equally patriotic fashion is to go there ignorant of Spanish, ignorant of history, and, after abusing the country, long to be at home.

Apart from everything else, apart even from Columbus, not ourselves alone but the entire world is indebted to Spain, or rather to the Moors. Under them Cordova surpassed Alexandria. They wrote more poetry than all other nations put together. It was they who invented rhyme. It was they who gave us the dulcimer, the hantubo, and the guitar. It was they who invented the serenade. We are indebted to them for algebra and for the canons of chivalry as well. The first clock that struck in Europe was a present from Haroun-al-Raschid to Karl the Great. Historians aver that he sent with it a game of checkers. Checkers to Charlemagne! The invention of the compass is attributed to them, and that of gunpowder, too. It was from them that came the first threads of light which preceded the Renaissance. Throughout medieval Europe they were the only people that thought. The better part of the classics they put into their own tongue. Had they not we would be minus many a valuable work. The monks, it may be remembered, found parchment dear, and were prone to turn pagan literature into palimpsests. Indeed, we have much to thank them for. It was to their schools that those desirous of self-improvement turned. It was from them that the revival of learning came.

Let us welcome the Caravels.

In art during the past week there is little to record. In music less. In literature Mr. Marion Crawford has run a ripple through the shallows with a work in which he teaches what a novel should be. But we knew it untaught. A novel is a book that interests, yes, even though it be history or science; witness Renan, witness Jules Verne. And an interesting book is like a friend's house, charming and hospitable. When you enter you leave your hat in the hall. A dish may be overseasoned, a sweet may be sour, but you are a guest, you see no faults, it is the ensemble which you judge—never the details.

Edgar Saltus

TOMMY'S TREE.

A STORY FOR TOTS.



TOMMY had seen men planting trees in the avenue in front of grandpapa's house, so he thought he would like to plant one, too. He thought a good place to plant his tree would be behind the yard gate where the other boys wouldn't see it. So he dug a hole there with his little spade. When it was all ready he began to look around for a tree to put

in it. He tried to pull up a young elm in the garden, but it wouldn't come. It was too big. But all the trees were very hard to pull up. At last, just when Tommy was beginning to feel badly, he wandered into the woodshed. There, over in a dark corner, his quick eyes spied the very thing—a dear, dear little tree that he could lift with one hand. To be sure, it was only a baby Christmas-tree that had lain here since the Winter, and the brown prickly leaves all fell off when Tommy touched them, but he thought that didn't matter, because new green ones would be sure to come out directly. So he chuckled with delight as he lifted the little tree and carried it out in triumph to the hole in the ground behind the yard gate. It was "just a jolly fit," he said to himself as he shoveled back the earth into the hole and stamped it down with his feet to make it firm.

Then he ran into the house to tell grandpapa and grandmama and his aunts about his tree. They all came out to look at it, and said it was lovely; and Tommy felt so pleased that he promised, if apples grew on his tree, to give them one apiece all round.

The next day Tommy went to look at his tree to see if leaves had come out. Not a single one! Grandpapa said he thought it must be because the place was too shady, so Tommy pulled the tree up again and set it in a sunny spot under the kitchen window.

"I think that's better, gran'pa," he said, as he rested from his labor.

Now it happened that for several days after that, the weather being wet, Tommy did not go to his grandfather's. But at last one morning the sun shone out fine and bright, and the little fellow thought he would run around to look at his tree. Without saying a word to any one he let himself in by the yard gate, and ran straight to the sunny spot under the kitchen window.

"Hurrah! Gran'pa, gran'pa. Come quick, come and see the lovely flowers that's grown on my tree," shouted Tommy, his eyes sparkling as he clapped his hands and fairly danced with joy.

Grandpapa came out smiling, and sure enough he saw that the dry and dusty little Christmas tree was fairly covered with—what do you think?—the most beautiful morning-glories, white and blue and pink, standing out from among their lovely green leaves as if they were saying "Good-morning to you!" It was wonderful! Tommy was as proud and happy as could be. As he was a very polite and thoughtful little boy he plucked one of the prettiest blossoms for grandmama, and carried it carefully into the house.

Tommy's grandmama and grandpapa, who were very fond of their little boy, were pleased to see him so happy about his tree, and promised, when he was not there, to let no one hurt or interfere with it. But one day, when no one was looking, Pretty, the white kitten, got to playing with the branches, and alas! when she was found out she had destroyed all the sweet flowers and leaves of the morning-glories. This was too bad. Tommy felt it very much; but then, do you know, the strangest thing happened. One day, shortly after, grandpapa told him to go and look at his tree, and there on the top branch hung a big ripe yellow banana. This was even better than morning-glories.



Tommy plucked the fruit and found it delicious. And, ever since, from time to time, when Tommy visits his tree, he finds the most delightful surprises. Sometimes it is an orange, sometimes an apple, or a bunch of grapes that grows on it in a single night, and though there are never any leaves on the bare dry branches, Tommy doesn't mind, because, being not quite five years old yet, he still thinks things to eat are nicer than things to look at. Now wouldn't all the little tots like to have a tree like Tommy's? Perhaps if they do as he did they will meet with the same success.

"THE GUARDSMAN," now running at the Lyceum, is one of the very best and most enjoyable bits of comedy placed on metropolitan boards for a long time. It is superbly acted by Maude Harrison, Mrs. Whiffen, Charles Walcott, Fritz Williams and Bessie Tyne.





It is possible to discuss a serious subject in a manner outwardly frivolous. The fact that Good Society uniformly eschews the manifestation of emotion, inclines its members, as a rule, to conduct their philosophical investigations on this principle.

The other day a woman and two men met in the drawing-room of the former, and fell to talking about a dinner recently given by a common acquaintance. The woman was a brilliant creature, energetic and acute, yet charitable, with a wide experience of the world. The elder of the two men was a dilettante in literature and the fine arts, who had lived much abroad, and possessed keen perceptions and few prejudices; while the younger was a society man *par excellence*, a stickler for form, and highly cultivated as to his physical senses. He also had something of the cynicism of youth, and not a little of its critical temper.

"That dinner," he remarked, "was a good occasion lost."

"Which, Tennyson tells us, it is better not to weep," interrupted the lady.

"I was going to moralize, not to weep," returned her interlocutor. "Dinner is our highest social function, and should be handled in a becomingly studious and reverential manner."

"It is our humblest physical necessity," said the lady, "and the less said about it, consequently, the better."

The elder man smiled. "You don't mean to be taken *au pied de la lettre*," he observed. "One of the main uses of society is to disguise the necessary with the elegant. Certainly, the two are by no means incompatible."

"But I don't want him to begin abusing the giver of that dinner," she rejoined. "He meant to please, and should be given credit for the intention."

"I deny it," said the Man of Society. "He meant, at best, to discharge a social obligation; incidentally, he designed to exploit his own material resources and his gastronomic sagacity; and thirdly—which is my point, for the two former motives are entirely correct—he was too indolent, and probably also too ignorant, to insure the success of his dinner either from the ceremonial or the gourmand point of view. Therefore I accuse him of committing a social crime."

"I thought it a pretty fair dinner—didn't you?" The lady turned to the Dilettante.

But the latter was not to be so easily compromised.

"We have not heard the specific bill of charges," he said.

"I accuse him of criminal indolence on two grounds," responded the Man of Society. "First, half of the waiters at the table were men hired for the occasion. This would have been barely excusable even had he been unable to afford to keep a supply of servants adequate to all social exigencies on hand; because, in that case, he ought not to have attempted more than he could decently carry out. But, as we know, he is, as a matter of fact, one of the wealthiest men in town, and this lapse of good manners is consequently unpardonable beyond hope of clergy. Why not have taken us to a hotel at once?"

The lady tapped the white palm of her left hand with the fan which she held in her right. The Dilettante asked, "And the second ground—what is that?"

"The bad cooking and composition of the dinner. You may say that was the fault of the cook. But I reject the extenuation. What is to prevent him from having the best *chef* in the market? Nor is that all. The best *chef* in the market may soon be spoiled by the revelation that his employer does not know, or does not care, whether or not his work be well done. He sends up a good dish, and it is not commended; he sends up a bad one, and it is not blamed. Under such treatment a sensitive artist loses his ambition and becomes reckless and vicious. The finer sort resign forthwith. Such an employer wrongs his guests in both cases; but in the latter case he injures the cause of good cookery—a far more serious offense."

"My dear boy," said the hostess, "you are only talking with a view of impressing us with the fact that you possess the qualifications in which you find our host of last night deficient. But pardon me for thinking that you exaggerate the delinquency. Not more than one person out of a hundred, perhaps, is endowed with your fastidious taste; the other ninety and nine consider such a dinner as you decried to be very good commons. Why should you require our poor friend to cater to the exceptions instead of to the rule?"

"The *Argumentum ad Hominem*—have you women NO other?" murmured the Man of Society, with a sigh.

"I'll leave it to you," said the hostess to the Dilettante; "only," she added, "mind you take my side."

"Not I, but the Moral Law, decides against you," he

answered her. "Progress becomes impossible the moment we cease systematically and conscientiously to do our best. It is the duty of statesmen to aim at a loftier policy than is visible to the vulgar; and in the same way it is incumbent upon our dinner-givers to not only gratify the elect, but also to educate the outsiders. No one should enter the social arena without an abiding sense of his responsibilities and a high resolve to leave society more refined and cultivated than he found it. He must study, he must labor, he must reflect. Indolence and ignorance are social crimes; and we should never slacken our efforts to conquer the first and to instruct the other."

"You encourage me to complete my arraignment," said the Man of Society. "The worst remains behind."

"If he is so bad, why do you drink *Crème de Menthe* every night with him at the club?" she put in.

He went on without taking up her challenge. "You can't have helped observing, last night, that the company at the table was ill-assorted. People mutually interesting to one another were not brought together. The impression I gained was, that our host had put in a hat the names of all the people he knew, and had then drawn out at haphazard the first fifteen or twenty that came to hand. Now, who does not know how easily a single untoward element—a single incongruous atom—will spoil a dinner? But at this dinner there were ten or a dozen incongruous atoms. And even these happened to be mated in the least expedient manner. You two, for example, were not put together; and as for me, instead of allowing me the very moderate satisfaction of sitting beside Miss Jones of Boston, he must needs plant me next to Miss Smith of Chicago, with whom I have about as many points of sympathy as a chestnut-burr has with the sole of a bare foot."

"Now there, I am willing to admit, you are talking some sense," said the lady. "The essence of good society is, that its elements should harmonize; and it should be possible for a person with so large an acquaintance as our friend to select the right flowers to make up his bouquet. It is simply a matter of tact, and of taking pains. But we are all subject to error occasionally; and there may have been special causes at work in the present case that we know nothing of."

"The culprit is excused, but he mustn't do it again," murmured the Dilettante, with a benevolent smile.

"That suggests another question," observed the Man of Society. "The world is full of people who have made unsatisfactory marriages. I am not going into the inquiry whether marriage be a failure," he made haste to add, seeing an expression of consternation on the faces of his interlocutors. "I only mean to say that a good fellow will sometimes unite himself to a socially impossible woman, and *vice versa*. And I affirm that although, ethically and sacramentally speaking, husband and wife ought to stick together, yet it is a duty which Society owes to itself always to omit the impossible wife or husband aforesaid from its dinner invitations."

"I beg to differ," exclaimed the lady with emphasis. "Husband and wife are one, and man may not put them asunder. Society begins at home, and you presume to advocate a measure which tends to dissolve it at its foundations. You are in the wrong from every point of view."

"But won't you consider for a moment what my point of view is? You have just admitted that the essence of good society is harmony. Surely, it makes no difference whether the harmonious element happens to be in the relation of married partner to one of the other guests, or not. He or she is equally ineligible for social purposes. And are we to lose an agreeable and desirable member of our circle merely because we can't abide his or her conjugal encumbrance? Our only reasonable course, it seems to me, is to ignore it. We cannot afford to be bored on the one hand, nor, on the other, to let any pleasant ingredient escape."

"All that is sophistry, my dear boy," replied the hostess resolutely, "and very bad morality into the bargain. In the first place, how can a man or wife with any self-respect, or perception of honor, consent to receive an invitation which implies an insult to one whom he or she has sworn to love and honor? For what is the alternative which the invitation presents? You are asked to admit openly that the man or the woman you married is not a fit person to be socially recognized; you are asked, for the sake of getting something good to eat, perhaps, and of talking polite nonsense with a lot of people who care nothing for you, to make your nearest companion unhappy, outraged in the tenderest spot, humiliated. I don't see how such a proposition can be even seriously debated. It is cruel, and it is indecent. I'm sure I shouldn't care to meet a wife or a husband who would consent to such an infidelity. They must be bad at heart, however suave and facile they may be on the surface."

I declare, I believe there were tears in the lady's eyes as she concluded.

"You have touched the center of the matter there," said the Dilettante, in a low voice. "This thing that we call society is not, at bottom, what it pretends to be; it is a smiling disguise put on by selfishness; and selfishness when you scratch it, is cruelty. As a man of society, our friend is right; and you are right as a human being. In other words, society as we have it is fundamentally opposed to society in the deeper sense. The two are incompatible, and there is no help for it. Our society exists by a constant sacrifice of the individual to itself; true society would give itself to insure the individual's happiness. Which society shall we support?—we are free to choose. But we cannot serve both God and Mammon; the law of humanity and the law of good form are twain, and we must be consistent with one or the other."

"Aren't you a little too sweeping?" demanded the Man of Society. "One meets many people at dinner who are good in the most orthodox sense; remember, too, that society people have lives of their own, distinct from the technically society existence; they may and often do practice all the Christian virtues then. But when cultivated men and women do meet together, their object is

mutual pleasure; and I do say that they may properly take all reasonable means to attain it. If we were all saints, there would be no problems such as this husband-and-wife one we have been discussing; but most of us are sinners, and our meetings must be so conducted as to keep the undesirable elements in the background. Otherwise, the result would be not pleasure, but boredom; the deeper society you speak of would not come into existence because the other was gone; and the upshot would be, there would be no society of any kind. And I say, even the imperfect is better than none."

"If that is really the dilemma, then I vote for none," said the lady, looking at the Dilettante.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"I can't think that will be the solution," he said. "For good or ill, we have got to be together. Were we to continue the same social ceremonies we observe at present, only changing the motive from a selfish to an unselfish one, the great revolution would be accomplished, with scarce a ripple on the surface."

"Will you give me a cup of tea and forgive me?" asked the Man of Society of his hostess.

"Will you promise, when you marry, never to accept a dinner invitation without your wife?"

The Man of Society lifted his right hand and registered the oath.

"The first step in the revolution!" murmured the Dilettante, with his ambiguous smile.

Julian Hawthorne

SING, OH LITTLE SONG BIRDS.

Sing, oh little song birds,
Sing for me your sweetest lays
Filling with your music all the air;
While my love and I are strolling over flowery ways,
Proud that we may life together share.
For to-day the swelling buds seem open my heart to bless,
As we o'er the fields and meadows go;
All because her final answer to me has been "yes,"
When I feared her answer would be "no."
While we stroll along the fell where the oleanders bloom,
And the summer gales are blowing free;
Sing, oh little song birds, while the roses breathe perfume
Sing a song of blessing unto me.
And as now we saunter may we ever happy go,
Binding love the more with each caress;
Oh, my heart's a heaven, for she did not answer "no,"
But with a winning shyness murmured "yes."
Sing, oh little song birds, sing for me your sweetest tone,
Let me know my lady you approve;
Sing while we are strolling thro' the blossom maze of June,
Sing a madrigal of Joy and Love.
Little song birds, do you know I listen with my soul
To hear the song that only you can give;
Let your sweetest melody thro' all the azure roll,
For life to me with love is sweet to live.—LEON MEAD.

WITCHES IN REAL LIFE AND ON THE STAGE.

THE last performance for the season by the Theater of Arts and Letters was given during the past week at Palmer's before a select literary audience, and the play selected was "Giles Corey-Yeoman," an adaptation of a sketch by Mary E. Wilkins, dealing with the witchcraft craze in New England during the early colonial period. The adaptation was made by Miss Wilkins in collaboration with Eugene W. Presbury; but candor compels us to state that, as presented, it lacked many essential elements of dramatic success. Miss Wilkins is a worthy successor of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the field she has selected; but her forte evidently is not in adaptations for the stage. Only the clever acting of Miss Agnes Booth, Arthur Elliott and Grace Kimball saved it from utter failure. It is curious that just at this time the news of the day presents us with a case wherein a woman is accused of practicing witchcraft as in the solemn Puritan times of Salem. This woman is Mrs. William Geiser of Paterson, N. J., who complained, on April 19th, to a magistrate of that city, that a tenant in her house was circulating rumors that she had laid a spell upon John and Henry Sanford and had cursed Tom and Adrian Vandembourgh, besides a certain old cow. Though Mrs. Geiser indignantly repudiated the charge, the worthy magistrate seems to have been frightened a bit by her eyes, which he believed possessed some unearthly power.

OUR NEXT NOVELS FOR THE LIBRARY.

As stated in our last issue, Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel, "The New Nero," will go out to our readers with our next number. This is the latest work by the accomplished author, and it is not saying too much to pronounce it one of his very best. In some respects it is the most original novel offered to the reading public in a generation.

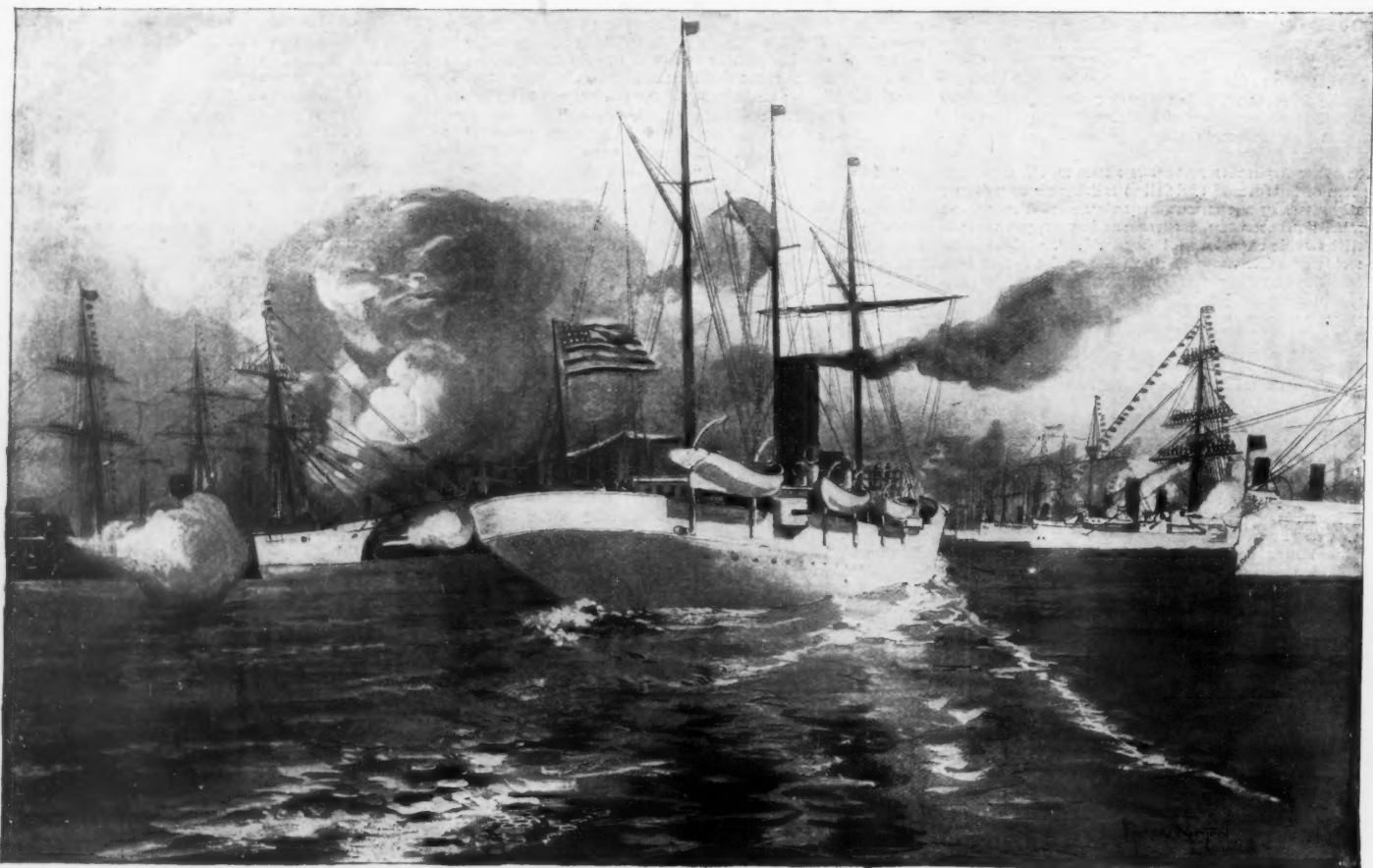
It will be followed two weeks later by another novel, by Mr. T. B. Connery, written specially for ONCE A WEEK LIBRARY, entitled "All the Dogs' Fault," being a curious and very interesting account of the domestic woes that may follow from too much devotion to dumb pets when indulged at the expense of a devoted husband. Like one of his earlier novels, Mr. Connery lays the scene partly in Mexico and partly in New York, and paints an interesting picture of social customs in the land of the Montezumas, and of the state of affairs during the Maximilian epoch. One of the chief characters is a South American, whose unfortunate marriage with a beautiful American adventuress from Philadelphia, fonder of her own ways and of her dogs than of her husband, creates the incidents which give rise to the story.

The book is a powerful study in temptations, but though the seamy side of life is sometimes turned up to view, it is never forced out of its proper perspective by unnecessary or unskillful handling, and everywhere vice is set off by well-devised and properly balanced contrast. The characters are intensely real, with national peculiarities cleverly accentuated, while the dialogue is sprightly, natural and strongly flavored with the individuality of the speakers.

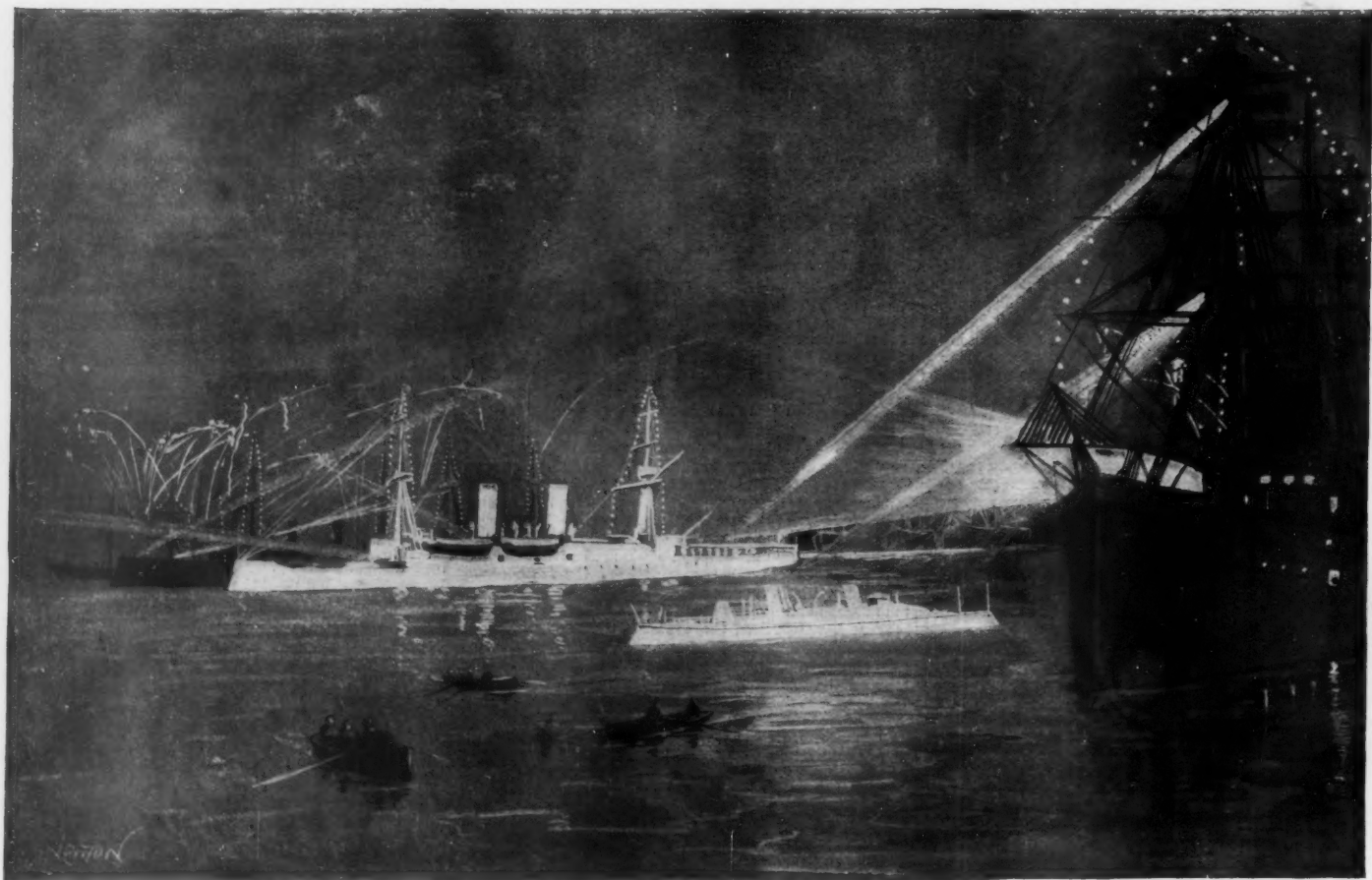
With nerves unstrung and head that aches
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer takes.



THE NAVAL REVIEW.



THE "DOLPHIN," WITH PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON BOARD, PASSING UP THE HUDSON BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN WAR SHIPS.



EXHIBITION OF SEARCH LIGHTS BY THE WAR SHIPS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

Not the least interesting part of the display connected with our naval visitors, both here and at Fortress Monroe, was the exhibition of search-lights and incandescent electric lamps. Every Monday evening, according to routine regulations, the waters about Hampton Roads were made brilliant by the illuminating display. The pictures we give in this number illustrate perfectly the effect as seen both at Hampton Roads and in our own harbor. The sugarloaf-like formations seen on the ships represent the electric incandescent lamp display.



THE BALL IN HONOR OF OUR NAVAL VISITORS.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, APRIL 27.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN

PARSONS IN PETTICOATS.

If the daily press begins to take sides with the woman who wants to preach, any one can foretell the result, though no doubt it will take some time to accustom the public mind to the idea of parsons in petticoats. There is no denying that women of an exceptional type, of which Miss Frances Willard may be cited as a praiseworthy instance, have the necessary gifts for successful preachers, and may not unreasonably claim to exercise a function for which they are so admirably qualified. But it by no means follows that women *en masse* should be encouraged to aspire to pulpit honors. The preacher's role is one of unique difficulty. There is an overwhelming amount of evidence to prove this fact. Year after year trained men are launched into the clerical arena surrounded by conditions presumably favorable to a successful career. How many of them attain distinction, how many rise above mediocrity, how many even clear the boundary line of a most distressing inefficiency? Is it likely, then, that an infusion of new blood from the weaker sex will tend to raise the average standard of pulpit excellence? We fear not. It is true women are talkers, but talking is not preaching, as many a ready-tongued unfortunate is here to testify after a bad half-hour in the pulpit. It is also true that women are zealous, enthusiastic, persevering; but these attributes, valuable though they are as adjuncts to the priestly character, are not what constitute the priest. Surely no clearer indication of the woman's part in the work of salvation is wanted than what is contained in the records of the Gospel. Woman was not overlooked by the Saviour in His scheme of redemption. On the contrary, she was given high and honorable prominence; but mark well it was none of her seeking. It came to her through her humility. It is always an office of love that woman fills in the pages of the Gospel. But there are women to-day who would rather be Judith than Veronica.

CUSHION LITERATURE.

THERE is hardly any item among household furnishings so fleckle as to its form and fashion as the popular indis-



pensable cushion. Every season brings a new variation in its shape or style, and it is not enough to be comfortable,



EARTHQUAKES AND EARTHQUAKE PROPHETS.

THE extraordinary severity which has accompanied the earthquake visitation of the Island of Zante this year has attracted universal sympathy. Following so closely after those of February and March, the latest one, which occurred in the early morning of April 17, and proved even more destructive than its predecessors, has still further served to make the subject of earthquakes one of widespread interest. In this connection the remarkably accurate predictions of Dr. Rudolf Falb of Vienna have attracted special attention. The fact has been overlooked, however, that Dr. Falb made his predictions last December for the entire year 1893. Here are the predictions:



RUDOLPH FALB, THE EARTHQUAKE PROPHECY.

1. Days of maximum disturbance: February 16, March 18, April 16, May 15, September 10, September 23, October 25 and November 23.
2. Days of major disturbance: January 2, February 1, March 2, April 1, June 14, July 13, August 11, August 27, October 9 and December 23.
3. Days of minor disturbance: January 18, May 1, May 30, June 29, July 28 and December 8.

Now, with regard to the fulfillment of these predictions up to the present time, we have, on January 31st and February 1st, severe shocks of earthquake in Zante, and which continued less violently until the 4th. On Febru-

but we must be so in the most approved mode of the hour. The cushion fashionable at the present moment has a broadened front, a satin back, and—like ourselves—is plentifully flounced and frilled. The custom of inscribing a cushion or head-rest with an appropriate legend or motto in fancy embroidered lettering is a quaint and pretty conceit not yet gone out of fashion. A correspondent sends us two new quatrains suitable for such a purpose. The reader who is in quest of novelties in needlework will no doubt be pleased to make use of them.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

Mrs. CRAIGIE, better known as "John Oliver Hobbes," began her literary career some three or four years ago as art critic on *Life*. Finding journalism distasteful, she abandoned it and devoted herself to the study of Latin and Greek. Subsequently she wrote three books, "Some Emotions and a Moral," "The Sinner's Comedy," and a "Study in Temptations," all of which have been well received. Her genius runs to epigram, and her favorite study is the emotions. She works slowly, and carefully revises her manuscript. Her penmanship is microscopically small and neat. She is said to be presently engaged on a new book.

Madame Tel Sono is the name of a Japanese woman of the "advanced" type. Judging her from the outlines of her history, she has little in common with her angelified countrywomen, whom Sir Edwin Arnold delights to depict. But perhaps there are strong-minded angels, too. Anyhow, Madame Tel Sono was the first lady lawyer in Japan. She learned the business from her father, had a large practice, including male as well as female clients, and made a great deal of money. But a larger ambition stirred the breast of this practical Portia of the East. Cast down in spirit by the spectacle of the oppressed condition of her countrywomen, she conceived a scheme for their amelioration. Her plan was a bold one. By way of preparation for such an important mission she determined to visit America for the purpose of studying the customs of a nation which accorded the same freedom to woman as to man. So one day she sailed for San Francisco. Here she was met by unimagined tribulation. Shortly after her arrival the Bank of Japan failed and ruined her financially. Alone and friendless in a foreign land, she had no resource but to hire out as a domestic servant. In this capacity the Japanese gentlewoman suffered untold hardships.

After long struggles against heavy odds, brighter things came, and, having become converted to Christianity, she was enabled to attend a "Classical Institute" for young ladies in the city of Alameda, Cal. Subsequently, also, she passed through training-schools in Chicago and Brooklyn. Thus arduously did Madame Tel Sono achieve the first part of her ambitious programme. She is now preparing to undertake the second and more important, the emancipation of the women of Japan. On returning to her native country she proposes establishing a Christian training-school for women, looking to those of the higher classes for patronage and co-operation. Being herself a member of the highest rank of the nobility, she has special facilities for reaching the privileged circles inaccessible to the ordinary missionary. It will be seen that American women have no monopoly of the modern spirit of pluck and enterprise.

This energetic little "Jap" has shown an example of courage and determination unsurpassed by the stoutest-hearted among her sisters in the West.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"A DAUGHTER of Eve," writing in the London *Black and White* her impressions of the costumes worn in Mr. Pinero's new play at the Court Theater, frankly confesses that she cannot make up her mind whether she prefers

"those of essentially manly detail, fitted with knickerbockers and all appliances and means to shoot, or those in more strictly orthodox feminine styles." The accompanying illustrations of the extremes alluded to will convey a sufficient hint of the contrast which, as conceived by Mr. Pinero and executed by Messrs. Redfern, has set feminine minds in prudish England gravely cogitating about possibilities of dress reform.

The transition from the tea-gown to the sporting costume is, at the first blush, a rather startling anti-climax, but if one can "down" one's ultra-feminine prejudices sufficiently to assume the rôle of an impartial critic, there is no denying that Mr. Pinero has contrived to cast a charm of real picturesqueness about this original fishing costume. The leather-tinted coat, worn over a blue shirt, is of the overhanging blouse shape, with belt, cuffs, and revers of tan leather. The boots and gaiters are of bright tan leather. The effect, as described by an eye-witness, was captivating in the extreme. Less enthusiasm marks the description of the tea-gown worn by Miss Lily Ham-bury in the last act. This gorgeous creation is made of accordion-plaited gold satin of Grecian design, with a pointed yoke and deep girle of white satin, having the key pattern worked on it in gold. The sleeves are of accordion plaiting with the white and gold trimming just above the frills of the elbow.

It is a significant sign of the times that opinions should be seriously divided as to the respective merits of these widely diverging costumes. What a feather for Mrs. Jenness Miller's cap if the dress reform movement were



taken up by English dames and sealed with a seal of royal approval and—possibly—adopted "by command" as an eminently proper proceeding on the part of self-respecting womankind. Heaven only knows what fin de siècle capers women shall be cutting before the next seven years are out. Surely, of all the wonderful achievements wrought during this progressive nineteenth century of ours, none would prove so daring in conception, universal in execution, and epoch-making in tendency as the final overthrow and absolute extermination of the petticoat.

LILY D'YRKAR.

Woman is a most charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as she does her gloves.—*Balzac*.

THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

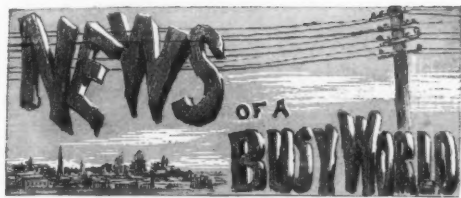
Woman, the precious porcelain of human clay.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

He who marries once may be
Paroled his infirmity;
He who marries twice is mad.—*Goetz*.
O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.—*Othway*.

MR. LASCELLES CARR, one of the delegation of English journalists who have come to "do" the Fair, remarked the other day, in a New York paper, speaking particularly of New York women: "Your women are remarkably handsome, but there are few of them to whom I would apply the title of 'fine woman,' as we English use the term. They lack physique. They are elegant in form and feature, but one does not think of them as the kind of women to bear a race of strong men. And yet I must say that your men do not show this. They are remarkably fine physical specimens."

DR. SHOOP, RACINE, WIS., CURES

Dyspepsia and Chronic Nervous diseases. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the great Nerve Tonic, through a newly discovered principle, cures stomach liver and kidney diseases, by its action upon the nerves that govern these organs. Book and samples free for 2 ct. stamp. Address Box E.



THE week ending Saturday, April 23, will rank among the most stirring weeks of the world's history in time of peace. External nature itself writhed and shifted in a perturbed and restless and angry mood.

The unfortunate people of the island of Zante were obliged to flee for their lives before the mutterings and rumblings of an earthquake. A volcano on the doomed island, or in the adjacent sea, will, it is thought, be the final relief of the imprisoned forces. Great loss of life has happily been averted by prompt measures of relief to the inhabitants from all parts of the world; and owing to the gradual approach of the convulsion itself, several warnings have been given to the inhabitants to vacate.

The United States was swept by a storm on the 20th that was universal from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic, and from the Gulf to the Lakes. Fourteen lives were lost at the Water Works tunnel in Milwaukee. Loss of life is also reported from parts of Louisiana. Snow blocked the street cars in Minneapolis. Many of the World's Fair buildings were slightly damaged, and Director-General Davis himself and a force of men spent part of the night of the 19th in making extra provision for the safety of exhibits in some of the departments. A schooner was driven ashore near Long Branch, and the crew were rescued by the life savers at Station No. 6. Cyclones, hurricanes, sudden falls of temperature, are reported in various sections, causing great damage to agricultural interests.

A bloodless revolution in Serbia resulted in the assumption of power by the boy king Alexander backed by the army. The laboring people of Belgium have won in their struggle for manhood suffrage against the property owning class, who still retain the privilege of plural voting on a property basis. The enlightened, energetic King Leopold, urged on by Gladstone and Pope Leo XIII., stood firm for the people against the Chamber of Representatives, thus avoiding a revolution.

The event of the week in the monetary world was the refusal of Secretary Carlisle to issue bonds for gold. In international affairs Secretary Gresham indicates that the action of Minister Egan in Santiago, in harboring Macedonists, was and is unjustifiable. The dispute with Turkey over alleged outrages upon American students at Marsovan has been decided by our State department against the students. Investigation, it is alleged, proves that the students were the aggressors. The Behring Sea Conference at Paris is still being addressed by Counsel Carter, and the American contention seems to be gaining in favor.

The marriage of Ferdinand, Prince of Bulgaria, to Marie Louise Pia, daughter of the Duke of Parma, took place on the 20th. The people are rejoicing over the prospect of peace and national progress and independence which this alliance is said to promise.

In the Home Rule agitation in Ireland a proposition has

been made to isolate Ulster from the rest of the island on that issue.

The British Miners Federation, supporting an eight-hour law for workers in mines, have expressed regret that Mr. Gladstone opposes the movement.

The Australian Joint Stock Bank has failed with liabilities amounting to thirteen million pounds.

The armed rebellion has broken out again among the Tennessee miners who attacked the Tracy City convict stockade and were repulsed with serious loss. The mines shut down, and all was quiet at last accounts.

The criminal annals of the past week include the conviction of the notorious outlaw, George Gentry, at Carrollton, Ga.; the murder of Sebastiano Palazzo in Grand Street, near the Bowery, New York—a very mysterious killing; the trial of Dr. Buchanan for the murder of his wife, including the testimony of the accused, which has damaged his case materially; the sudden illness of Carlyle Harris, wife poisoner, in the death-house at Sing Sing; the conviction of Matthew Johnson, at New York, for murder in the first degree for the killing of Engineer Kuckiehorn.

Dr. St. Clair Smith issued a statement in which he says that Edwin Booth's condition is not at present critical.

A band of rebels in Mexico captured three towns and routed a body of government troops, whose loss in killed and wounded was heavy.

A Huntington and Big Sandy passenger train, running between Huntington, W. Va., and Ceredo, fell through a trestle on the morning of the 20th into Four Pole Creek, forty feet below. James McCreary, formerly a conductor on the C. & O. Railroad, was instantly killed. Several others suffered slight injuries.

Gold watches and silverware valued at five thousand dollars were stolen from the residence of Bradley Martin, New York City.

Reciprocity with Brazil and Cuba shows the following results: The United States exported to Brazil, in the years 1890, 1891 and 1892, respectively, merchandise to the value of \$11,972,214, \$14,120,246 and \$14,291,873. In the same years the imports of merchandise entering the United States from Brazil were \$59,318,750, \$83,230,595 and \$118,633,604, respectively, an increase within two years of over a hundred per cent. The exports to Cuba increased, in round numbers, from \$13,000,000 in 1890 to \$18,000,000 in 1892; those to Porto Rico from \$2,300,000 to \$2,850,000. Cuba's exports to the United States in these years were, in round numbers, \$54,000,000, \$62,000,000 and \$78,000,000, respectively, while those of Porto Rico to the United States decreased from \$4,000,000 in 1890, to \$3,750,000 in 1892.

German and Austrian newspaper men sailed from Hamburg on the 20th, on the *Prince Bismarck*, to visit the World's Fair. They represent leading newspapers of the two Empires.

The Ann Arbor railroad strike has been officially declared off; but Judge Ricks's decision has made history, all the same.

The special jury in the Hansard jury case at London on the 20th returned a verdict declaring that Sir Henry Isaacs was not guilty of the charges preferred against him. Sir Henry was formerly Lord Mayor of London. A publishing concern, the Hansard Union, failed some time ago, and Sir Henry Isaacs, who was a director in the company, was arrested with others on the charge of conspir-

ing to defraud the stockholders. It was charged that they had bought paper mills and other property at low figures and then unloaded their holdings on the Hansard Union at high fictitious values.

The revolutionists have carried everything before them in Honduras. This has sadly interfered with the banana trade.

On April 16 the sun shone brightly here, but was obscured in the Andes. Many satisfactory observations were made, especially at the Harvard College Observatory at Riquipa, Peru, at an altitude of more than eight thousand feet. It will be some time, however, before the valuable information obtained will be available for text books in our higher institutions of learning.

A disastrous boiler explosion at the little village of Washington, near Providence, R. I., resulted in the killing of four men.

Homer Hyde, a miser and hermit, whose only vice was drunkenness, died on the 18th at Boston. He was commonly reputed to be worth many thousands of dollars, none of which can be found. He lived and died in wretched squalor.

Mayor Harrison was inaugurated at Chicago with much enthusiasm among his followers. Gamblers and keepers of gambling houses have been summoned to police headquarters. The chief of police positively stated to them that they would be raided twenty times a day, if necessary. Much unfinished work, especially on bridges, viaducts and water works, demands the immediate attention of the new administration.

It is reported that Sam Jones converted twenty-four hundred sinners in Bowling Green, Ky., in ten days and received twenty-three hundred dollars for the job. Liquor licenses are not re-issued in consequence of his visit.

Nineteen South Sea Islanders have reached the World's Fair and will be located along the Javanese village in the midway of the Plaisance.

The steamer *Castle Gate*, carrying a crew of twenty-three, left Dantzic, March 5, with a full cargo of sugar for Philadelphia. She has not yet reached there, and much anxiety is felt for her safety.

The strike of Santa Fé railroad men has ceased to spread.

After a lingering illness of many months Mrs. Almira Hancock, widow of Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, died on the 20th at the residence of the general's niece, Mrs. Eugene Griffin, in Gramercy Park, New York. Mrs. Hancock's strength had been slowly wasting away under the subtle influence of a succession of sorrows that had subdued her naturally cheerful disposition and withdrawn her from society during the latter years of her life. Her only daughter, Elizabeth, died in New York in March, 1875, at the age of eighteen. Her mother, Mrs. Adeline Russell, died on Governor's Island in April, 1883. Her only son, Russell, died in Mississippi in December, 1884. These bereavements were followed by the death of her husband at Governor's Island on the 9th of February, 1886.

Another Cuban revolution is said to be hatching in New York.

Laying of pipe and all other operations involving excavation on the World's Fair grounds were stopped on the 18th inst., to prevent obstruction on the opening day.

Four thousand pictures of crooks have been secured for the guidance of Chicago police.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.
Lowell, Mass.

GOITRE QUINCY and other Throat diseases cured by the Medicated Throat Bandage. Write at once to Physicians' Remedy Co., Cincinnati, O.

BICYCLE TO ANY BOY OR GIRL FREE under 15 years of age who will work for us after school. NO MONEY NEEDED. Send this ad. to A. C. CURTIS & Co., 107 N. QUINCY ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

PILES ELECTROBOLE the great relief. Gives quick relief, cures in a few days. Never returns. No pain, no cure. Address, J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

AGENTS wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN. Light, honorable employment at home, will pay \$20 to \$40 per week, write us. MATTOON & CO., OSWEGO, N. Y.

LADIES desiring home work such as writing, mail ing circulars, etc., address with stamped envelope, Miss VERA LANGDON, So. Bend, Ind.

MY SWEETHEARTS THE MAN IN THE MOON and 150 latest songs all for 10 cts. H. J. WEINER, 130 Pace Row, N. Y.

THE BISHOP AND PINS.

A LATE English paper having called attention to the wounds received by bishops from concealed pins in caps and veils worn by female candidates for confirmation, *London Truth* thus alludes to the subject:

Oh, why, young ladies, why do you
For pins show such a passion?
And set—and at a bishop, too—
Your caps in such a fashion?
His lordship might, no doubt, have seen
And shunned a frankly bare pin;
But, oh! there is a treacherous spleen
About a half-veiled hair-pin!
It will may be no harm you meant
When, fore the bishop kneeling,
You proved him to such sore extent
To be a man of feeling;
But this reflection will obtrude,
And doubtless has distressed you:
It was most black ingratitude
To scratch the hands that blessed you.

VERILY the road of the titled aristocrats is becoming a bit rough. Here is the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland thrown into Hollowell Jail—a common, vulgar jail, by the way—for contempt of court. It was only a short while ago Lady Montague was severely sentenced for causing the death of her own child by rather barbarously severe discipline. Then there were all the scandals ament the Panama Canal in France, pulling down such great popular idols as Ferdinand de Lesseps. The day when aristocrats or titled people can sin or violate law with impunity is gone forever.

EMBASSADORS in London and Paris will have more dignity than our Ministers had before the promotion. They may communicate directly with the governments to which they are sent, and need have no dealings with the mere department of foreign affairs. But if Embassadors Bayard and Enstis acquit themselves as creditably as Ministers Lincoln and Reid have done in London and Paris, respectively, the country will be satisfied. Of course we will expect the English and French embassies at Washington to appease the life-long hunger of Washington society with social functions that will be "out of sight"—if the dignity of the subject will kindly tolerate the vernacular until we get used to the new order of things at the Capitol. Our embassies over there will hold up their end, if we have to raise their salaries. When your Uncle Sam goes into the embassy industry he may be depended on to work it for all's in it.

THE report of special Agent Noyes on the alleged illegal landing of seven hundred Chinamen from the steamer *Haytian Republic* at Portland, Ore., has been received at the Treasury Department. Several of the minor custom officials at Portland and Port Townsend have been dismissed. There is no reflection in the report upon the integrity of the custom collector at the latter place.

THE famous picture "Il Crocifisso," by Beato Angelico, will be painted by Amy Richardson for Queen Victoria. The copy will be hung at Osborne. The original is in the cloister of San Marco, at Florence.

WHILE a party of hay-pressers were at their work in the barn of the late Thomas and John Fagan, near Holly, Mich., they came across an earthen crock, which, upon examination, was found to contain over six thousand dollars in old and very valuable gold coins. This find brings the cash so far up to thirty-five thousand dollars, and the family confidently expect to find much more. Besides this money there is a farm valued at eight thousand dollars, and nine heirs. A large number of claims have already been filed against the estate.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR will open an office on the Thames Embankment, London, for general financial operations.

PRINCE FERDINAND of Bulgaria tried last year to arrange for a marriage with Princess Victoria of Wales, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; but the duchess would not hear of such a thing.

NEW YORK TO THE WEST VIA BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

THE B. & O. Co. now operates a complete service of fast Express trains direct from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. Pullman Sleepers are run through from New York to the three cities named without change or transfer.

The fastest trains in America run via B. & O. R. between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and all the trains are equipped with Pullman, Buffet, Parlor and Sleeping Cars.

Great improvements have been made in the roadway and equipment of the B. & O. In the last two years, and its present train service is equal to any in the land. In addition to its attractions in the way of superb scenery and historic interest, all B. & O. trains between the East and West run via Washington.

ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE charming scenery, the rare freshness of the country air, and the boundless attractions of the Hudson River towns will doubtless attract the usual multitude of summer comfort seekers during the coming season. The New York Central runs through the heart of this choice section, and its facilities for the summer traffic will be unsurpassed.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.



THE CONJURER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY V. MARCH.

WEDDING OF MISS MARTIN AND THE EARL OF CRAVEN.

No ordinary degree of interest was excited in New York by the brilliant wedding of Miss Cornelia Martin, the youthful American heiress, to William George Robert, fourth Earl of Craven. All the details of the important event were pretty well discussed beforehand, and a pardonable degree of curiosity had been aroused in the charming young bride and the fortunate groom. On the morning of April 17, long before the hour appointed for the ceremony, crowds of people were assembled outside Grace Church, waiting to see the wedding party arrive.

The interior of the church presented a scene of extraordinary loveliness. The beautiful chancel was lined with ferns and palms, and against their cool dark-green gleamed flowers of dazzling white, lilies, azaleas, roses, and rhododendrons. The pews of the main aisle were all trimmed with ferns and great Bermuda lilies. An exquisite fragrance filled the church. The guests arrived in rapid succession, and the six ushers were kept busy finding places for them. When all were seated the glory of the new wedding garments made a radiant spectacle, and furnished a pleasing distraction during the interval of waiting. Finally the girl-bride made her appearance leaning on her father's arm. She was robed in white satin brocade made with a court train over a petticoat covered with lilies-of-the-valley. The bodice was high at the neck and had tight sleeves. A tiny diamond brooch was the only jewel worn. The veil was of fine tulle edged with narrow point applique. The bouquet was composed of white orchids, lilies-of-the-valley and orange blossoms.

The four bridesmaids followed, dressed alike in white silk with deep flounces of white mousseline de soie. They wore broad-brimmed white hats turned up with pale blue and trimmed with white ostrich plumes, and carried bouquets of white lilacs and Mabel Morrison roses. They were Miss Ethel Davies and Miss Alice Rochester, cousins of the bride; Miss Daisy Post and Miss Sibyl Sherman.

The ceremony was performed by Bishop Potter, who acquitted himself of the solemn function in a most imposing manner. There was one little slip made by the bishop, which, however, was only noticed by those who were close to the altar. After putting the question to the groom, he repeated it to the bride in the same words—"Cornelia, wilt thou have this woman"—but immediately perceiving his blunder, began over again. The inadvertence caused some amusement among the guests, as did, also, the forgetfulness of the young earl in entering the church with his trousers turned up at the bottom.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of Mr. Martin, No. 22 East Twentieth Street, where a reception of the guests was followed by the breakfast. The bridal party had a table to themselves.

At about four o'clock the Earl and Countess of Craven drove away in a family carriage, the white satin and orange blossoms having been changed for a dainty traveling

frock of pale blue and gray bengaline, with a very small bonnet. Endless were the good wishes that followed the happy young couple into their new life. Lord and Lady Craven will not return to England until May, when the youngest peeress in Great Britain will make her debut in English society.

The magnificence of the presents lavished on the bride by her friends and the friends of her husband beggars description. The most notable among them are a tiara of diamonds, given by Mrs. Bradley Martin, copied after one worn by the Empress Josephine; a necklace of pearls, consisting of three strands, evenly matched, the gift of Mrs. Isaac Sherman, and a collarette of superb Indian stones, old mine diamonds, set in silver, from the Dowager Countess of Craven, the groom's grandmother. In addition to these are endless quantities of jewelry, lace, silver, house linen and expensive bric-à-brac enough to furnish half-a-dozen houses.

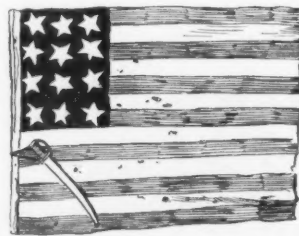
There are now three Countesses of Craven, the earl's wife, mother and grandmother. It is to be hoped the honors of her new position will sit lightly on the seven-

teen-year-old bride, as it will no doubt involve "functions" to which she is entirely unused.

In leaving her country, she carries with her from all the heartiest good wishes for life-long happiness.

PAUL JONES'S FLAG.

The flag of Paul Jones, which floated over the *Bonhomme Richard* in her historic fight with the British frigate *Serapis* off the English coast, September 3, 1779, was hoisted at noon, April 25, on a pole one hundred and thirty-five feet long, planted on the highlands of Navesink, New Jersey. It was saluted with twenty-one guns by the monitor *Miantonomah* as the old flag was run up by the



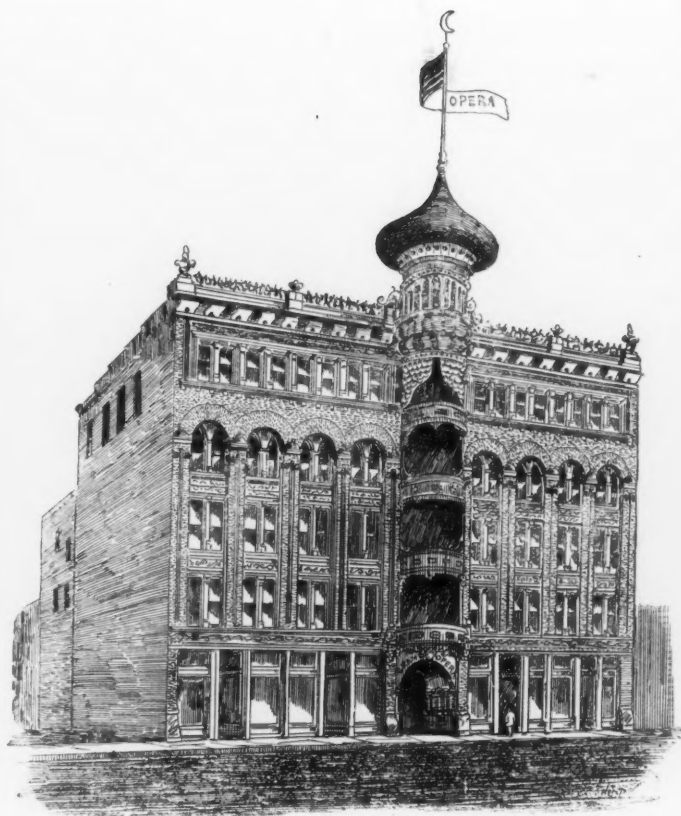
enthusiastic people on shore. The flag is the property of Mrs. S. B. Stafford of Cottage City, Mass., who parted with it temporarily to allow of its use on the arrival of the fleet of American and foreign ships at Sandy Hook.

The flag was designed from Washington's coat-of-arms, and made under the direction of one John Brown by the Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, in 1777, in Philadelphia. The five-pointed star was used by direction of General Washington. The flag was first carried by Captain Jones on a small vessel on the Schuylkill River. In the engagement between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* the mast from which was flown the flag was shot away, carrying "Old Glory" with it. Lieutenant James B. Stafford, father of the present owner of the flag, plunged overboard, secured the flag, and nailed it to another mast. The nail-holes are plainly shown in the flag to-day.

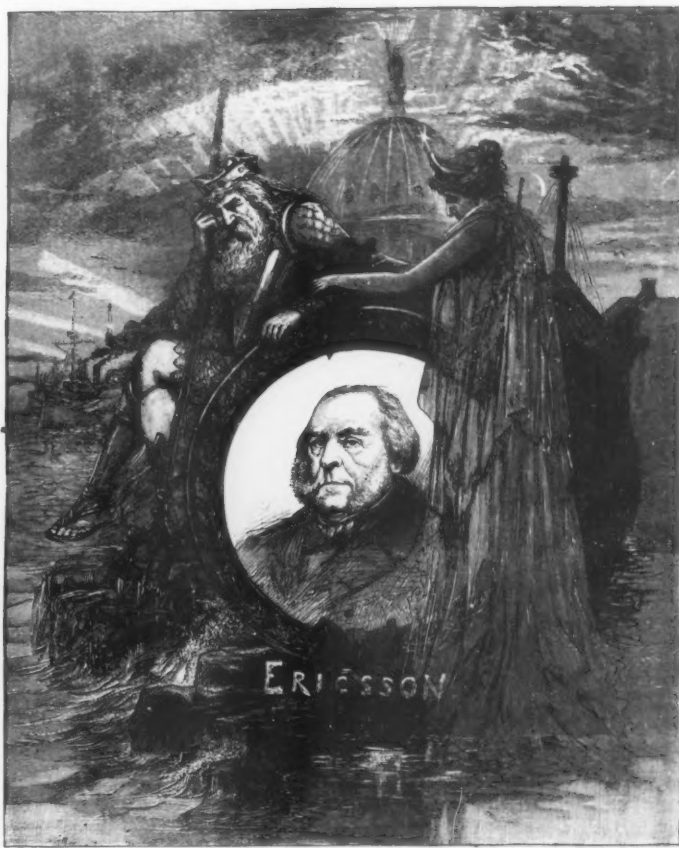
It seems that in Scotland when a man or woman remains away from church—or kirk, as it is called—a sharp note is written summoning him or her to resume attendance at divine service under penalty of—well, we suppose excommunication. Here is a letter that was recently received by Mr. J. Pentland Smith, of Carnbee Manse, Scotland:

"DEAR SIR—The Kirk Session at its last meeting, taking into consideration your absence from Church and Session for the most part of two years, unanimously agreed that you be desired to resume attendance, and to be present at a meeting to be held on Sunday, the 26th inst., immediately after Divine Service. I am, yours faithfully,
T. P. JOHNSTON."

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA,
Brother of the German Emperor.



GRAND OPERA HOUSE, OGDEN, UTAH, WHERE THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS MET.



Appropriate to the unveiling of Thorwaldsen's statue of Ericsson at the Battery, on the 26th inst., is this reproduction of the front page of our issue of Sept. 2, 1890. It was by Thomas Nast, and beneath it appeared these lines:
"To the United States Navy he gave the first Monitor, and in her he gave to all the navies of the world the germ of the modern battleship."



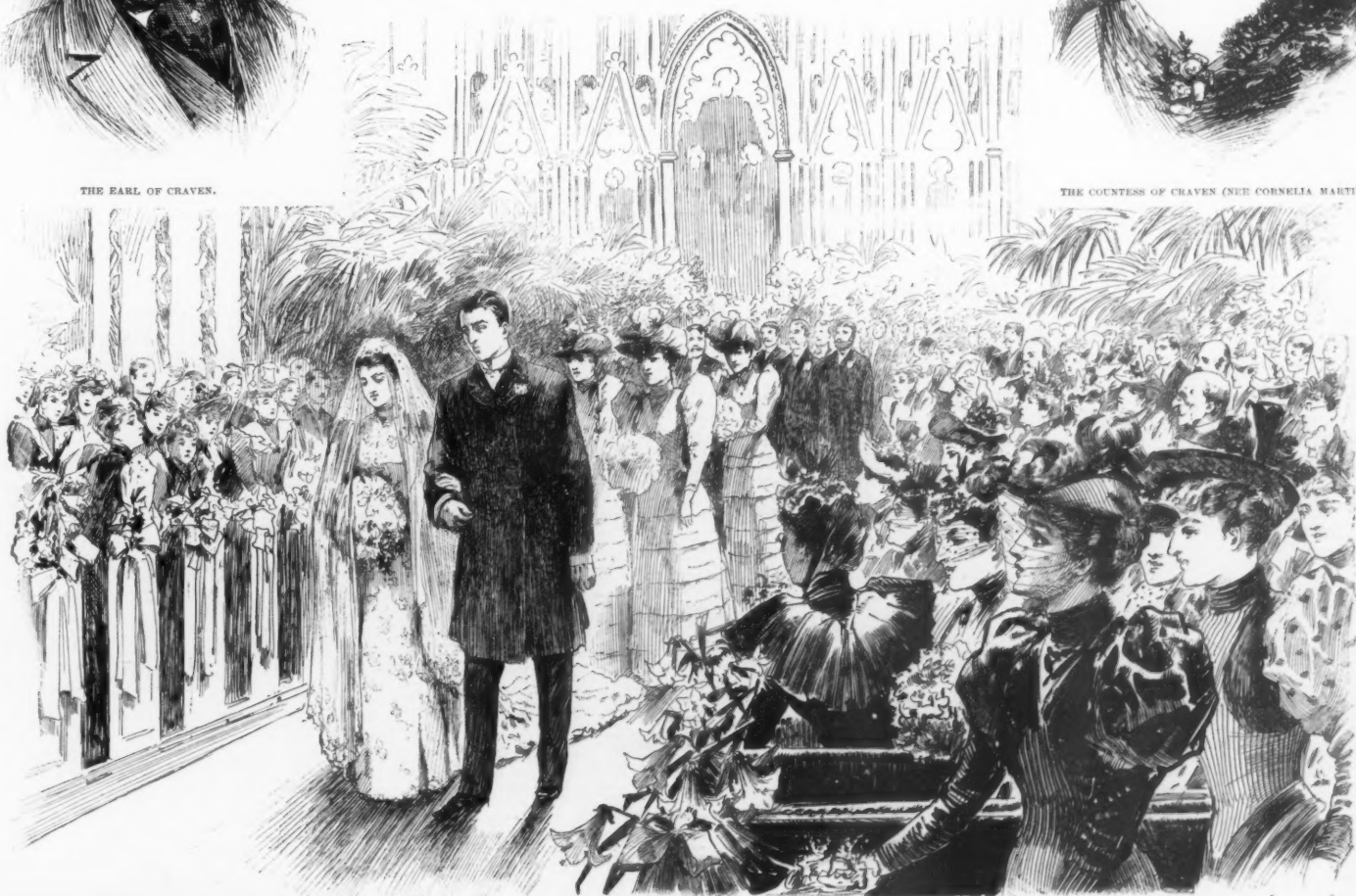
THE EARL OF CRAVEN.

OGDEN'S OPPORTUNITY.—The city of Ogden, Utah, became a scene of great activity and general popular vivacity the other day, when the delegates to the Trans-Mississippi Congress assembled there for a five-days' consultation. This Congress, though only three years old, is already a body of positive importance to the welfare of the country. It is made up, besides ten delegates from each State and Territory west of the Mississippi River appointed by their several governors, of other delegates representing mayors of cities, chambers of commerce, railroad and transportation companies, real-estate and other exchanges, and the general public. The object of the organization is to direct Western influence in such a way as to affect national legislation on all such subjects as silver, Pacific and Gulf Coast harbor improvements, irrigation, the improvement of arid lands, and others having direct reference to the interests of the Trans-Mississippi population.

The Congress met at Ogden in the Grand Opera House, and our artist has carefully and faithfully illustrated the locality of a scene possessing grave importance in connection with the history of Utah and the progress and prosperity of the great West.



THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN (NÉE CORNELIA MARTIN).



THE BRADLEY MARTIN AND CRAVEN MARRIAGE, SOLEMNIZED IN GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.
Author of "Boddy's Baby," etc.

CHAPTER V.

It seemed that day as if circumstances were altogether too much for Mrs. Winton. It was aggravating enough that she should have made a mistake in the morning and have condemned herself to a day of confinement indoors to no purpose. It was aggravating that she should have miscalculated her arrangements about the meeting in the church; it was still more aggravating that she should have been condemned to take a decoction which had almost made her sick. Some people had called and had found her at home, whom she would gladly have avoided, and now the very height of her annoyance culminated in the appearance of this stranger.

However, when a man saves your sister's life and your pony from utter smash, and has thoroughly acted the part of the good Samaritan, you cannot be ungracious or grudging in your acknowledgments, and thus Mrs. Winton had little or no choice than to welcome Mr. von Dörnberg with apparently open arms.

Phyllis poured the whole story out to her in detail; how her wheel had been caught by the runaway cart, and how she had woken up and found herself in the road with Von Dörnberg holding the trembling mare; how the men had recognized her and were coming to see Gerald about the damage; and, finally, how they had met Mr. Hawkesley in the road and how rude and presuming he had been.

"The idea, Florence," she broke out in indignation, "of Mr. Hawkesley saying he should prefer to go home with me!"

"Well, he's a very intimate friend," said Mrs. Winton, rather acidly.

"He is not a very intimate friend of mine, Florence; he may be of yours, but he had no right to dare to dismiss any one with me in that curt and impertinent manner. I was frightfully angry; I shall speak to him about it when I see him again."

"Oh, well, of course," said Mrs. Winton; "of course, Mr. Hawkesley is very deeply interested in you, Phyl." She looked at the big stranger and smiled a little, intending him to understand that Mr. Hawkesley was her sister's future husband. "Any one in his position would be."

Phyllis flushed indignantly. "Mr. Hawkesley has no position with regard to me, Florence," she said, "and there is a very small line between particular interest and extreme impertinence. I consider Mr. Hawkesley has forgotten that there is any line at all; at all events, I am frightfully angry."

"Why, what's this—are you hurt?" exclaimed Gerald Winton, as he entered the room coming anxiously up to Phyllis.

"Oh, no, I'm a bit shaken, that's all. I'm afraid the trap's done for."

"Oh—shaft broken—yes. But you—what about yourself?"

"Oh, I'm only a bit shaken; I might have been killed if it hadn't been for this gentleman, Mr. von Dörnberg. He's fortunately staying at the 'Rose and Crown,' and had just managed to stop the runaway horse as their cart struck mine."

"I am sure, sir," said Mr. Winton, holding out his hand cordially toward the tall stranger, "that we owe you a debt of gratitude that we can never repay. These country people are so careless in driving, and the streets are very narrow—as you must have seen for yourself—I'm always rather nervous when either of my ladies are driving by themselves. And have you actually walked out with my sister-in-law?"

"Yes, it gave me the greatest pleasure to do so," said the giant. He looked more like a giant than ever in the low-ceiled room, and Gerald Winton, who was a good judge of a man, looked him up and down with undisguised admiration.

"Well," he said, with a laugh, "you would stand a better chance of stopping a runaway horse than most men."

The German looked rather deprecatingly down his long person. "It's well there are advantages in being of my size," he said, putting out his hands with a vague sort of gesture. "Generally the disadvantages are the most prominent. I have always found myself just a little too big; one wants such very weight-carrying horses; and I have always been the odd man in a boat; and I never go into a lady's room without appealing the chairs, lest I bring one of them and myself to grief at the same time. There are, too, great disadvantages in being what outfitters call 'out sized.'"

"Well," said Mr. Winton, "of course you are as you are, and I—we—are very glad that you are 'out sized.' I am sure Miss Damer will owe you a debt of gratitude all her life. Are you staying with friends in Harburch?"

"No," said the German, "I am by myself. I arrived several days ago on a friend's yacht after a little trip down the Channel, and as they are going off to the coast of Holland to-night, I have basely deserted them. They are very angry with me, but I'm not passionately fond of yachting. I'm too big for it. I always bump my head every time I go up and down stairs—they don't call it up and down stairs, you know—in and out of their poky little cabins. And I was so delighted with Harburch that I determined to stop and explore this part of the country, for I don't know it."

"Well, I hope you'll explore Dagleigh in your peregrinations," said Gerald Winton hospitably. "I can't offer you sport of any kind at present—unless you'd like to see a rat hunt."

"I should," said the German with a laugh.

"And you'll stop and have dinner with us to-night?"

Mrs. Winton looked positively horrified, but she knew it was useless to try to turn her husband when he was on hospitable thoughts intent. Von Dörnberg looked down at his clothes.

"It's very kind of you—but my—if you'll let me go back and dress."

"It seems such a pity," said Mr. Winton. "Well, yes, a pity—but I can't dine with ladies like this."

"May I give you a cup of tea, Mr. von Dörnberg?" said Mrs. Winton, in a frozen tone.

"Thank you so very much," he answered. He stayed a little time chatting, was introduced to all the children, and became great friends with them at once; and finally about six o'clock he bade them *au revoir* and set off in the direction of Harburch.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mr. Dörnberg had gone Mrs. Winton's long pent-up wrath found vent and came to the surface.

"Really, Gerald," she cried indignantly, "I don't know what you mean to come to. As if it wasn't enough to give this man a cup of tea, but you must needs ask him to dinner; you don't know who he is or what he is, or anything about him; he may be a chimney-sweep for anything you know to the contrary."

"My dear girl," said Mr. Winton, "I think I know a gentleman when I see one, and, in any case, if he is a chimney-sweep, he's bred well enough to have saved your sister's life."

"Oh, fiddle!" cried Mrs. Winton, with a sneer.

"He's well-bred enough and good enough," repeated Gerald Winton, his voice getting a little higher as his anger was roused—"he's well-bred enough and good enough to have saved your sister's life, and therefore he's well-bred enough and good enough to dine with me. You have your own way in most things, Florence, you can't say you haven't, but I must have mine in some things, and one thing I must and will have, and that is, that I ask whom I will and choose to dine at my own table."

By the time that they got thus far Phyllis had hustled the children out of the room, and herself went with them. She hated to hear her sister and her husband spar, because she knew by experience that her sister always got the worst of it. It is true that her sister was generally in the wrong, but nevertheless, Phyllis always fled at the first sign of a domestic breeze. Mrs. Winton never learned by experience; and on that occasion she was angry; she was not only angry, but she had something to say and she meant to say it.

"You—you—you really are, Gerald; you're the stupidest creature in the world. Don't you know that Phyllis is one of the prettiest girls in the country, and she has three hundred a year of her own, and she'd be a perfect fortune to this strange man, who may—who may—be anything?"

"Oh, nonsense; he didn't know who Phyllis was when he stopped the runaway."

"You don't know that. At all events, it was not at all necessary to jump down his throat, as you did."

"He's a very fine man, and I like the look of him," said Mr. Winton, with decision.

"Yes, that's all you go by—the outside

of things; I believe in the inside a little more."

"Well, now, look here, Florence," said her husband, making a great effort to be calm and patient, "to please you, I go and call on every ship that comes in; I go and call down at the Fort on all those little puppets of infantry officers; I call on every parson and on everybody that comes for the hunting—pretty jokers some of them are, too; but I never grumble, and you ask them to your tea-fights and your dinners. And what do they do for you? They come out, and fill up the shooting, and sneer at the luncheons; half the beggars can't shoot, either. And when I ask a man who has done us a signal service to dine here, you don't like it. You go too far; my patience won't stand much more of it."

"It's a very different thing calling on the Fort and on the ships; these people all have official positions," Mrs. Winton cried, with dignity, "and men who hunt come down with letters of introduction to the neighborhood. It's quite a different thing, Gerald."

"Well, it may be a different thing," said Winton, with all a man's cold-blooded brutality, "but it seems to me, Florence, that a man can't come to you with a better letter of introduction than by saving your sister's life. Besides, he's such good form."

"All Germans are good form in the way of having specious manners, and being able to make flourishing bows, and that sort of thing; but what position does this man take in his own country? That's what I want to know."

"My dear girl, I dare say he takes quite as good a position as a tenant farmer in the wilds of Essex."

"Gerald!" cried Mrs. Winton.

"Oh, well, I know it's the Manor House, and it belongs to us—and so do the hovels down the village, for that matter—but I'm a tenant farmer all the same; you can't make anything else of it. It's no use mincing the matter—that's the English of it. At all events, I've asked him, and he's gone back to dress himself, and he's coming, and you've got no choice but to be civil to him."

"You leave me none," said Mrs. Winton, with a sneer.

"No, I don't—that's quite true. What sort of a dinner have you got?"

"Oh, the dinner's all right," returned his wife in a vexed tone. "Mr. Hawkesley happened to be coming in to-night."

"O—h!" returned the master of the house.

In due course of time the gigantic German arrived, clad in suitable attire for dinner. If he had looked big and comely in his tweed garments, he looked infinitely more so in evening-dress. He arrived before the reverend gentleman from the vicarage, and when Mr. Hawkesley was announced he was disgusted to find his host on the best of terms with the stranger, discussing some question of farming from the English and the German point of view.

"You perhaps heard of my sister-in-law's accident to-day," said Mr. Winton, in polite endeavor to draw the two men together.

"Er—yes, I met Miss Damer," replied the vicar, stiffly—"I hope she's no worse for her shaking."

"No, I don't think so—she says she feels a bit stiff; of course she got an awful crack on the head."

"Is she coming down to dinner?" asked Von Dörnberg, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I think so; she's a very plucky

girl; I daresay she'll be really worse to-morrow."

"I think that ladies are given to exaggerating these little accidents," remarked the vicar, in a very icy tone.

"I don't think Miss Damer exaggerated the accident this afternoon," said the German promptly. "She was quite ten minutes before she came to her senses, and she went a fearful smash, as anybody who was present would tell you. The wonder was that she did not get a fracture of the skull; curbstones are very objectionable things to have a close acquaintance with."

"Oh, really—I didn't know that Miss Damer was thrown out."

"Oh, completely—completely. She was quite ten minutes before she came round again from a dead faint. Oh, here she is."

"How d'ye do again," said Phyllis, smiling at Von Dörnberg. "Oh, how do you do, Mr. Hawkesley?"

"I hope you are feeling no worse for your dreadful shaking," said the big German anxiously.

"Well, I can't say I feel much better. I feel as if I had been shaken in a blanket, or something dreadful of that kind. Still it might have been so much worse, and I'm only too thankful that it was not."

She was looking very white and fagged, and as she seated herself on a large settee beside the fire, Von Dörnberg coolly took possession of her, and talked to her in a low voice, completely shutting the parson out of the conversation.

So Mrs. Winton found them when she came down. It was odd, but the greeting of the two sisters was precisely reversed. Miss Damer had said, "How d'ye do again?" to the German with a smile, and the pleasantest possible intonation of voice and manner, and her greeting to Mr. Hawkesley had been unmistakably one clearly expressing resentment at his presence. Mrs. Winton's manner was precisely as I said, reversed. She came in with a long train and a certain amount of gush, letting Mr. Hawkesley hold her hand much longer than was necessary, and lingering to speak several sentences to him before she passed on to bid the stranger welcome. Even then her welcome was not a particularly cordial one, and Winton himself could cheerfully have boxed his wife's ears at that moment if he had ever permitted himself the indulgence of that form of expressing his feelings.

However, when the servant announced that dinner was ready, he turned sharply round to the vicar, and said, "Hawkesley, you'll take my wife in, please. Mr. von Dörnberg will you take my sister-in-law?" and so completely turned the tables upon his wife.

It was an exceedingly unpleasant meal. Mrs. Winton alternated between extreme friendliness to the man on one side of her, and the most ice-like politeness to the man on the other, not a little to Von Dörnberg's amusement. The eldest daughter of the house, Christian, sat between her father and the vicar, so that the table was made of equal number. Now Christian did not interest Mr. Hawkesley at all, and his manners were those of the class which do not put themselves about to pretend interest where it is not felt. Mr. von Dörnberg divided himself very fairly between his hostess and Miss Damer, and was apparently perfectly oblivious of the fact that during the first part of the meal Mrs. Winton only replied to him in monosyllables, or to the fact that the vicar spent most of

(Continued on page 15.)

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 THYSELF!**—Medical Review. (Copyrighted.)

the time in scowling across the table at
 him. "Insufferably forward person," Mrs.
 Winton thought, indignantly.
 "By-the-by, Martin," said Phyllis, turn-
 ing to her maid who was waiting, "do you
 happen to know whether that dish got
 broken that I brought in?"

"No, Miss Damer, it was quite safe;
 James brought it in just now."
 "Florence," she said, speaking across
 Von Dörnberg to her sister, "I got your
 dish to-day."

"No, did you?"
 "Yes—yes, I got it."
 "For my price?"
 "Well, I didn't get it for your price," she
 said. "No, I didn't. I bought it—I bought
 it as a present for you."

"My dear Phil!" cried Mrs. Winton,
 highly delighted.
 "It's a beautiful dish, Florence—ten shil-
 lings is awfully cheap for it. You wanted
 it, didn't you, Mr. Hawkesley?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Hawkes-
 ley.
 "That red and blue Stafford dish that
 John Brown had."

"Yes, I made him an offer for it."
 "Yes, he told me so; and," with a laugh,
 "that decided me. I determined you
 shouldn't have it."

"Oh, of course," said the vicar, "if you
 wanted it I have no desire in the matter;
 indeed, I wanted it as a present to your
 sister."

"It was very kind of you, Mr. Hawkes-
 ley," said Mrs. Winton gushingly.
 "Are you interested in china?" said Von
 Dörnberg, turning to Phyllis.

"No; my sister is. My sister adores
 china; she is quite a china woman."
 "Oh, yes. One of my sisters has a great
 craze for china. Just now she's very keen
 on my getting her a collection of English
 china together. Of course, hers is a very
 good one, but it's all German—or nearly all
 German."

"Your sister is in Germany?" said Mrs.
 Winton, rather more graciously.

"Yes—yes. All my people are in Ger-
 many."
 "Oh, yes. Do you stay long in this coun-
 try?"

"I've been in England some years," he
 replied.
 "Oh, yes—in London?"

"Yes, chiefly in London."
 "Oh, yes. I suppose you're in busi-
 ness?"

"Yes, you might call it business," he
 said indifferently.

"Yes, so many Germans come over to us
 in these days; they are quite driving our
 people out of the field. Don't you find that
 you are very unpopular among business
 people in London?"

"No," said Von Dörnberg, "I can't say
 that I do. You see, nobody but a German
 could do my work."

"Oh, yes—you correspond?"
 "I do," said he simply.

"Yes—of course, you—in more than one
 language?"

"In several languages," said he politely.
 "You see I speak English fairly."

"Oh, exceedingly well—exceedingly well
 and French?"

"Yes, I speak French. I doubt if I speak
 French as well as I do English. In fact, I
 am sure I don't."

"But you read and write it?"
 An amused smile broke over the Ger-
 man's good-natured face. "Yes, I read and
 write and speak French fairly fluently," he
 said quietly.

"And you know Paris? Have you ever
 been in Paris?"

"I lived there some years," he answered.
 "Were you in business there?" she asked,
 with a great show of interest.

"Yes, I had an occupation in Paris. I
 have never been an idle man, Mrs. Winton,
 and I doubt if I ever shall be. Just now I
 am on leave—what English people call 'at
 a loose end'; and after a hard spell of work
 I find it very delightful."

"I wonder you didn't go where there was
 scenery," said Mrs. Winton, more graciously.
 "Harburgh is such a poor little place,
 and there is nothing to see, and nothing for
 an excursionist to do, especially a foreigner."

"And yet I find it very, very charming,"
 he answered.

"I had an idea that Germans all went
 home to the Fatherland for holidays."

"So I do, sometimes," he answered. "But
 you know, Mrs. Winton, the ideas of the
 people in this country about Germans are
 very peculiar; they are as peculiar as if Ger-
 many was a million miles away, and as if
 there was no communication between the
 two countries whatever. But I go home,
 sometimes."

"Oh, yes; but I wonder that you care to
 remain in a little place like Harburgh—be-
 cause—because it is nothing to say you've
 been in Harburgh, is it?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Von Dörn-
 berg, looking at her straightly; "I never
 went to a place in my life that I might say
 I had been there. I deserted my friends the
 other day—by-the-by, they are just about
 starting, now—because I took a fancy to the
 little town and because I had never been in
 this part of England. I cannot say that I
 regret it, so far."

"No, perhaps not. By-the-by, do you
 know Manchester?"

"Yes, I've been in Manchester," he re-
 plied.
 "Liverpool?"

"Yes, I've been in Liverpool."
 "Do you know Scotland at all?"

"I have been in Scotland, too," said von
 Dörnberg, in much amusement.

He was not in the least mystified by Mrs.
 Winton's efforts to pump him; he knew as
 well as if he had spoken in plain English
 what was in her mind concerning him. Al-
 ready she had placed him as a foreign cor-
 responding clerk in some large city house;

and that being so, he determined he would
 live up to his supposed position.

"And I suppose you know the Midlands,
 too?" Mrs. Winton went on, insinuatingly.
 "Well, that depends upon what you call
 the Midlands," he answered. "I have
 never been to Birmingham in my life,
 although I have stayed within a few miles
 of it."

Now during all this time Phyllis, who
 knew perfectly well what her sister was
 driving at, was suffering absolute agonies
 of nervous apprehension. For herself she
 could not see that it mattered to any of
 them whether this man, who had gallantly
 come to her rescue in an hour of much need,
 was a corresponding clerk in a large city
 house—or a small city house—or whether
 he kept a German baker's shop, or what he
 made his living by. She felt that it was not
 right, her brother-in-law having asked him
 to the house, to deliberately pump him as
 to his position in life. The man had beau-
 tiful manners; he had not in any way so
 far presumed upon the acquaintance; he
 was an infinitely better bred man than the
 vicar. How she did wish that her sister
 would treat him as an ordinary guest, who
 would come and go, and be in a week or so
 a matter of absolute indifference to them.
 She felt that this antagonistic manner
 towards him was the height of rudeness, and
 her cheeks burned with shame as she won-
 dered what he must be thinking of them.

"And in what part of London do you
 live?" inquired Mrs. Winton, in a tone of
 bland patronage.

"Not very far from Waterloo Place," re-
 plied Mr. von Dörnberg promptly.

(To be continued.)

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